TRUE STORY OF CARY GRANT'S STAND-IN

Silver Screen

September

Don Ameche, Tyrone Power and Alice Faye in a scene from their latest picture.

ON LOCATION WITH THE "QUINTS"

CLARK GABLE

"TOO HOT TO HANDLE"

MYRNA LOY

The best news since "Test Pilot" with that rare pair of romancers, M-G-M's tantalizing twosome. Clark's a daredevil newsreel man—Myrna's an airdevil aviatrix . . . Action! Heart-pumping paradise for thrill and fun-loving picture fans!

with WALTER PIDGEON · WALTER CONNOLLY
LEO CARRILLO · Screen Play by John Lee Mahin and Laurence Stallings

Directed by Jack Conway • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

"PARDON US, SALLY!

WE ALL HAVE DATES WITH ANOTHER GIRL—"

You can't offend with underarm odor and still win out with men

SHE'S DOOMED to unpopularity right from the start—the girl with underarm odor! When there's a dance, she'll probably stay at home. Men will be introduced to her—but it's the *other* girl that they'll take out. Why *should* they want to be near a girl who isn't really *sweet?*

Of course, no girl would *knowingly* let underarm odor spoil her charm. Yet any girl can offend this way if she depends on a bath alone to keep her fresh.

For a bath removes only *past* perspiration, it can't prevent odor *to come*. That's why underarms always need Mum's sure care. Mum prevents all risk of offending —Mum makes odor *impossible*.

It's a smart girl—and a popular one —who takes the simple precaution of using Mum after every bath and before every date. Just a quick touch of Mum under each arm and you're sure of your charm—sure you'll never offend those you want for friends. And Mum has all the things you like in a deodorant—

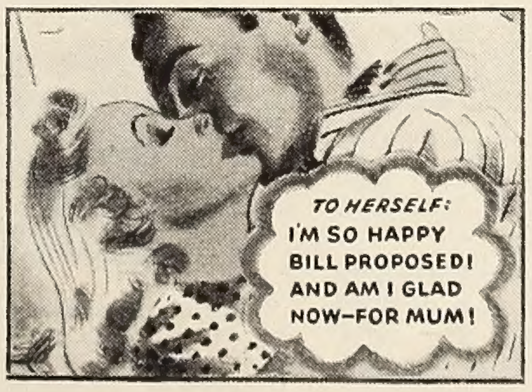
MUM IS QUICK! There's always time to apply Mum. Just half a minute is all you need to be free from underarm odor.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is harmless to every fabric—safe to apply even *after* you're dressed. Mum actually soothes the skin. You can use it right after shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum stops all odor—does not stop perspiration. Mum keeps you nice to be near all day or all evening long.

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM, TOO
Don't risk embarrassing odors! Thousands of women always use Mum for sanitary napkins. They know it's gentle, safe, and sure!

MUM MAKES YOUR BATH LAST ALL EVENING LONG



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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AUG -8 1938

The Opening Chorus

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:

For weeks and weeks now there has been a Greek Chorus going around Hollywood with strange mutterings, such as, "Tsch, Tsch, *poor* Oakie" and "Have You *seen* Patsy Kelly" and "Look at Liza. *Somebody* ought to tell her." Well, Jack and Patsy, being bright children, finally caught on and did something about it, but you know me, always the escapist, so it was quite some time before I realized people were talking. Now I'm telling you it's bad enough being the only person in Hollywood over 28, I certainly didn't want to be the only fat person too, so I decided to get a good preview of the Oakie and Kelly chassis, and see if this diet business was all it was cracked up to be.

I found Miss Kelly, of the New York Keep-Em-Off-the-Streets Kellys, on the set of "There Goes My Heart" doing a swell scene with Nancy Carroll, who is still the prettiest redhead in pictures. In seven weeks Patsy went from 165 to 125, and I must say she looks grand. How did she do it?

"I took a look at myself on the screen in 'Merrily We Live,'" said Patsy, curling up in chair with the grace of a Lombard, "and I said to myself, 'One more pound, Kelly, and you can play mob scenes all by yourself.' So I took myself off to a clinic and they stuck water-packed fruit down me until I felt like a drowned peach. If that wasn't bad enough they brought on a little broiled rug garnished with lettuce. Say, I ate so much lettuce my nose started to twitch. One day I got so mad I went to the head of the place and said, 'See here now, I've been in the theatre business ever since I was a kid and I've trouped all over the place and eaten in the cheapest joints in the United States but I've never tasted food l ke this. What do you want to do, poison me?' Then one day the pounds started dropping off, so I stopped crabbing. I never felt better in my life. Say, you ought to do something about that double chin!"

Jack Oakie, on the set of "The Affairs of Annabel," was equally enthusiastic about his loss of poundage. "I was sitting on a sofa one morning after a merry party," said Jack, "and suddenly noticed my stomach sticking way out to there. 'Oakie, my boy,' I said, 'now is the time.' So I went to a hospital for a physical examination but the doctor couldn't find anything wrong with me except that I'd been eating and drinking too much. So I stayed in the hospital bed on a strict diet for two weeks, and I started to lose weight right away. You have no idea how glad I was to get rid of those chins. When I got out of the hospital I kept on the diet. I cut out sugar, and I quit eating bread and cakes, and nothing to drink except skimmed milk. I came down from 220 to 180 and I'm still losing. And I've never felt so good. Say, why don't you do something about that double chin?"

So I did. The other night I ran into Patsy Kelly at a preview. Miss Kelly did a double take. "A few more pounds off," she said, "and the glamour girls might just as well stop hinting for covers on your magazine. You'll put yourself on."

Liza

REFLECTING *the* MAGIC *of* HOLLYWOOD

SEPTEMBER, 1938

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NUMBER ELEVEN

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN
Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
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ART SECTION

35-50

The cover girl of the month is Alice Faye. The scene still is from "Alexander's Ragtime Band," her latest picture. We selected this combination because the picture is an important one and deserves this honor. The pastel portrait of Alice is by Marland Stone. This scene shows the interesting moment when ragtime captured the musical world. Alice Faye, Tyrone Power and Don Ameche bring to life an event that really happened. The world and the radio have now come to Swing, which owes its beginnings to Irving Berlin's catchy numbers.

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Tips On Pictures

Judy Garland, Ann Rutherford and Lana Turner making life pretty gay for Mickey Rooney in "Love Finds Andy Hardy."

AFFAIRS OF ANNABEL—Amusing. A breezy farce that ribs the motion picture industry in satirical fashion. Annabel, played by Lucille Ball very expertly, is a slipping screen star whose press agent (Jack Oakie) tries to reinstate her in the public's favor by a series of zany publicity stunts. (Ruth Donnelly, Thurston Hall).

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND—Splendid. One of the most engrossing musicals ever to be made in Hollywood. Irving Berlin wrote all the songs, some of which should be familiar to a great many of you, such as "Oh, How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning," and "All Alone." There's a plot that has nothing to do with Berlin's career, although the time covered is contemporary with his rise to fame. Excellent cast includes Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, Ethel Merman, Jean Hersholt.

ALWAYS GOODBYE—Good. Once upon a time, not so long ago either, this story was called Gallant Lady and had Ann Harding and Otto Kruger and Tullio Carminati in the cast. Now it has been remade and retitled and boasts the always interesting Herbert Marshall, Ian Hunter and Barbara Stanwyck in the same roles. The female of the species will "adore" it, but the men may deem it too sentimental. Oh, yes, Binnie Barnes is in the cast too.

BLOCKADE—Interesting. Although this is a story of the Spanish civil war, it does not show you any harrowing battle scenes. While it tries to make a plea for peace (not taking sides) it gives you an idea how wars are actually fought and prolonged by the powers "behind the lines" and adds little to your faith in humanity. (Henry Fonda, Madeleine Carroll, John Halliday, Reginald Denny, Leo Carrillo).

BORDER G-MAN—Good. A Western, starring popular George O'Brien, which has a plot that is distinctly removed from the usual formula—that of a G-Man endeavoring to run down a nefarious scheme to smuggle ammunition and horses to warring countries, in direct violation of the Neutrality Act. It has plenty of high-speed action, some excellent songs, and romance with a capital R. (Laraine Johnson, John Miljan, Rita LaRoy).

COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN—Good. With westerns so popular again we are now treated to the vision of Dick Powell, the popular romantic singer, in a ten gallon hat and looking mighty uncomfortable in it, too. However, there's a fairly entertaining plot, plenty of good singing and dancing AND Pat O'Brien, Dick Foran and Priscilla Lane to round out the cast.

CRIME RING—Fair. This will be an awful let-down to a lot of gullible people (females mostly) who spend plenty of time and money having their fortunes read, for it is an exposé of what is known as the fortune-telling racket. The plot has its many amusing angles, and is played to the hilt by such reliable performers as Allan Lane, Frances Mercer, Clara Blandick, Inez Courtney, Charles Trowbridge, etc.

GOLD MINE IN THE SKY—Good. Gene Autry makes his return to films in this romantic western, after settling his long dispute wtih his producers, and he will get a rousing welcome from many fans. He sings as engagingly as ever and handles the plot—that of the manager of a ranch owned by a spoiled heiress—in typical Autry fashion. The girl is Carol Hughes.

GREAT JOHN ERICSSON, THE—Fine. When you're in a thoughtful mood, and see this advertised at your local art theatre, take time to see it. Produced in Sweden, with English subtitles, it informs you in dramatic fashion what a huge part the Swedes played in developing the early history of our country. Hitherto most of us have given all the credit to the Dutch and English.

HOLIDAY—Excellent. This is one of those films that should not be missed. It has everything, including the very likeable Cary Grant cast as a modern young man with a unique design for living his life in very enjoyable fashion, Katharine Hepburn as the unhappy rich girl who secretly loves him, Doris Nolan, her sister, who is engaged to Cary but doesn't appreciate his theories, and Lew Ayres, as the brother who drowns his discouragement in liquor.

I'LL GIVE A MILLION—Good. An imaginative comedy with a Continental flavor which has some hilarious situations that are simply priceless. The theme concerns a millionaire whose deliberate disappearance in search of the Utopian life leads to a strange medley of events. Excellent cast is headed by Warner Baxter, Peter Lorre, Marjorie Weaver, Jean Hersholt, John Carradine.

LITTLE TOUGH GUY—Fair. Those remarkable "Dead End" boys are again cast in a story of the slums, demonstrating the effect that such living conditions has upon their upbringing. In addition, we again meet Jackie Searle, as a kid squealer, along with Robert Wilcox, Helen Parrish and Ed Pawley. This plot's getting a bit thin around the edges.

LORD JEFF—Good. There's a lot of flag-waving in this, theoretically speaking. Not the stars and stripes this time, though—but the good old English Union Jack. Freddie Bartholomew plays the juvenile member of a gang of jewel thieves, is apprehended, sent to a reform school and then to a famous nautical institution where he learns how the English Navy conducts itself. Swell cast includes Mickey Rooney, Herbert Mundin, Gale Sondergaard.

LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY—Excellent. This last to be issued film in the Judge Hardy series is top-notch entertainment. In this one Andy (Mickey Rooney) becomes entangled with two pretty girls and has a pretty tough, but hilarious, time getting free. If you want some rousing good laughs, see this by all means. (Lana Turner, Cecilia Parker, Judy Garland, Ann Rutherford and Lewis Stone as the Judge, of course).

PASSPORT HUSBAND—Good. One of those unpretentious comedy films that get no publicity ballyhoos but which are eminently satisfying when you run across them inadvertently at your neighborhood playhouse. Stuart Erwin plays a wide-eyed bus-boy in love with a glamorous foreign dancer (Joan Woodbury) who marries him in order to outwit the emigration department. The dialogue is amusing, and the film has plenty of sparkle and dash.

REFORMATORY—Fair. The background of this is a corrective school for unruly boys, in which the honor system is used with some good results. There's plenty of sinister action showing the seamy side of life as known by these youngsters. The story is not unique in any way because it has been told many times before, but regeneration is always an interesting subject. (Jack Holt, Bobby Jordan, Frankie Darro.

RAGE OF PARIS, THE—Good. The theme of Danielle Darrieux' first American film is the familiar one of the poor girl putting on an act in order to snare a rich husband. But, it is handled so dexterously and is acted so superbly that one feels it is entirely new—which is paying real tribute to the producers. Danielle makes an adorable comedienne and is ably supported by Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Louis Hayward, Helen Broderick and Mischa Auer.

SPEED TO BURN—Amusing. You can gamble your money on this racetrack yarn, because it is chock full of action, pep and the kind of excitement that gets into your blood when the nags are about to take off. The romance is handled, quite capably, too, by Michael Whalen and Lynn Bari, and that old meanie, Sidney Blackmer, is among those present.

THREE BLIND MICE—Good. A sparkling, highly polished 1938 version of the Cinderella girl who, with her two sisters, inherits a small nest-egg and decides to blow it in on one big attempt to land a millionaire. With one sister posing as her secretary and one as her maid, the situations are bound to be amusing. The men in their lives are David Niven, Joel McCrea and Stuart Erwin. Not bad, eh?

TOY WIFE, THE—Fair. The period is colorful New Orleans just before the Civil War and the settings and costumes are something to write home about. The story, however, leaves much to be desired, with Luise Rainer fluttering about in rather irritating fashion as the frivolous wife, Melvyn Douglas somewhat ill at ease as the stern husband and Robert Young waiting around eagerly to snatch her from his arms.

TROPIC HOLIDAY—Good. If you are thrilled by languorous music of the dreamy, exotic type, you will enjoy this film, the setting of which is Mexico. Dorothy Lamour, minus a sarong for the first time, plays the senorita with whom Ray Milland, an American writer, falls in love. Others in the cast include Binnie Barnes, Bob Burns, Martha Raye (who is in as funny a sequence as you're likely to see in a year of comedies) and Binnie Barnes.

THREE ON A WEEKEND—Fine. From Great Britain comes this thoroughly enjoyable satire about the English working classes who go to a resort, somewhat reminiscent of our own Coney Island, during their brief weekends. In spite of some dramatic overtones, it is all very jolly, and will afford you an hour or more of solid fun, in kaleidoscopic fashion. (John Lodge, Margaret Lockwood, Rene Ray).

WE'RE GOING TO BE RICH—Fine. Made in England, with Victor McLaglen and Brian Donlevy cast as the male leads opposite the popular British comedienne, Gracie Fields, this is really a very entertaining film. The story is laid during the 80's, in Australia and So. Africa, and is brisk and robust film fare of the hardy pioneering variety. Gracie will certainly find a good many friends in America.

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN—Interesting. Life in a small, wealthy community can be made pretty terrifying to the second wife of one of its leading citizens, especially when his divorced first wife makes a complete martyr of herself and captures the sympathy of friends and close relatives of the couple. The outcome of such a three-parted tussle is bound to be tragic. Excellent performances are given by Herbert Marshall, Virginia Bruce, May Astor, Janet Beecher, and Juanita Quigley.

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ALEXAN
RAGTIM
An American
TYRONE POWER · ALIC

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ETHEL MERMAN · JACK HALEY

JEAN HERSHOLT · HELEN WESTLEY
JOHN CARRADINE · PAUL HURST
WALLY VERNON · RUTH TERRY
DOUGLAS FOWLEY · EDDIE COLLINS
CHICK CHANDLER

Directed by Henry King

Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen Play by Kathryn Scola and Lamar Trotti • Adaptation by Richard Sherman

Featuring a pageant of Irving Berlin songs including 26. favorites of yesteryear and 2 hits of tomorrow

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

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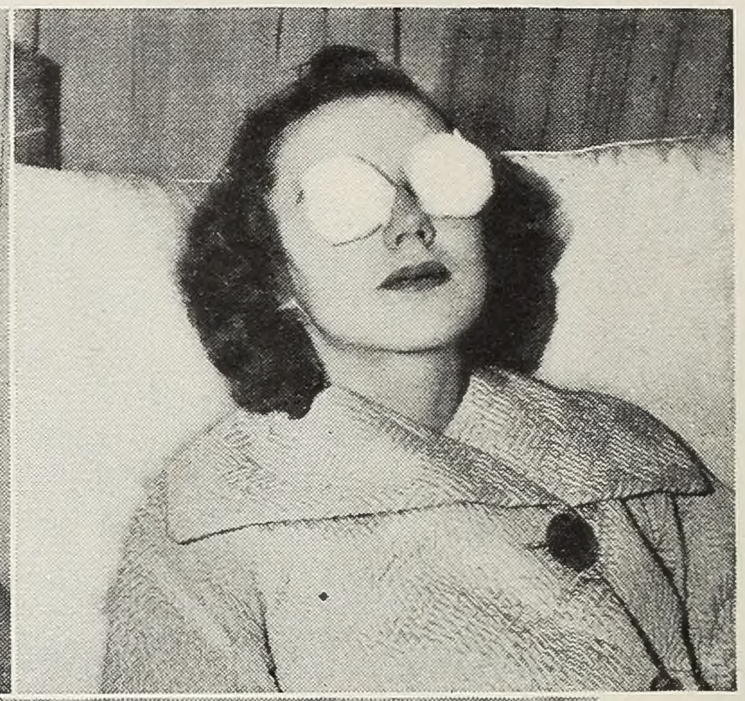
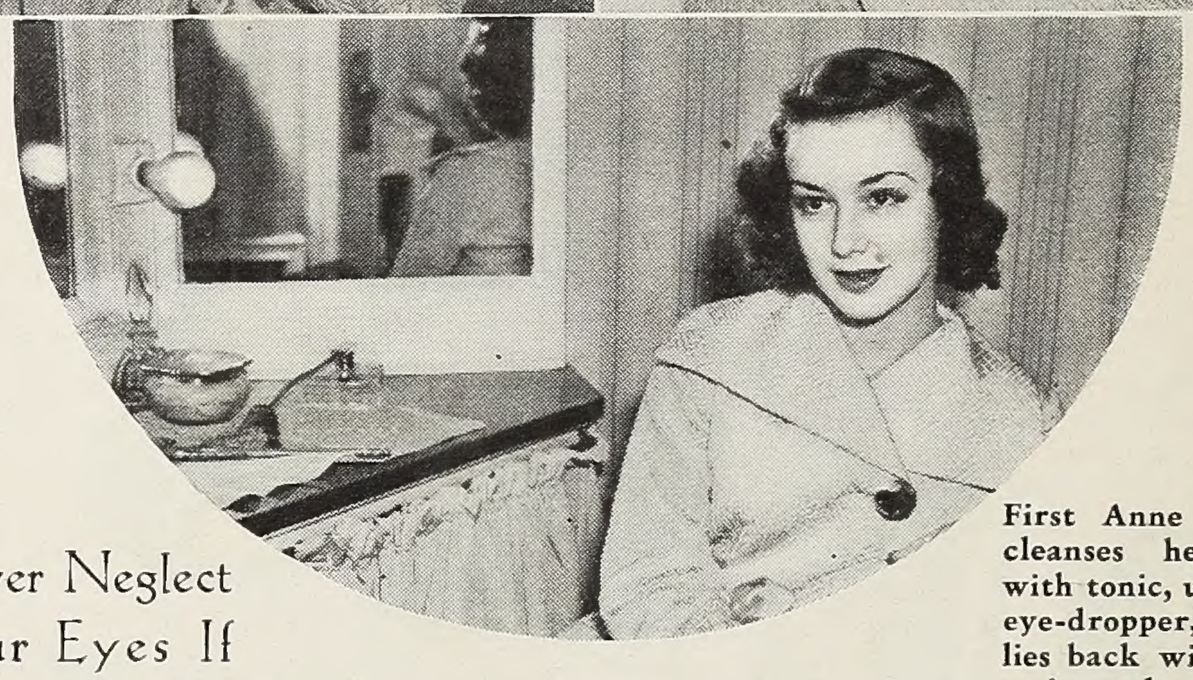
EYES THAT SPARKLE





First Anne Shirley cleanses her eyes with tonic, using an eye-dropper, then lies back with pads moistened with the same tonic on her lids. Result — perfection.

Never Neglect Your Eyes If You Wish To Be Attractive.

By Mary Lee

ONCE upon a time, you had to be born with beautiful eyes or you were out of beauty competition. Today, no matter how nature has treated you, you can certainly make those eyes most attractive, if not strictly beautiful. This, because of the many splendid cosmetic aids for the eyes.

Real eye beauty, like all other beauty, begins with health. Good body health is necessary for that sparkle, that alive, alert look. You get that natural sparkle and twinkle from sufficient sleep, reasonable care, and a cheerful, pleasant out-look on life. Make-up does the rest for you.

For natural beauty, get sufficient sleep. The amount varies with many of us, but enough means that you awake refreshed, glad to face another day. When you study, read, sew or do anything that requires concentrated eye work, be sure your light is right. Faulty lighting causes terrific eye abuse. The Mazda lamp bulbs have been highly developed to give exactly the needed degree of light for certain purposes. For instance, in the average reading lamp you need at least one 100 watt bulb or two 60 watt bulbs. Even better are the new I. E. S. three-light lamps which give three levels of lighting—100, 200 or 300 watts to suit your mood or the task you are working on. Try never to sit facing a direct light with glare in your eyes. This causes unnecessary, undue strain. Light should fall on your reading or work not into your eyes. White or near-white shades reflect the best light. If you read in bed—probably your pet luxury—be sure your bedside light is easy on your eyes, and when you slip off to sleep, try this. Close your eyes very gently, think of something pleasant as you fade out of consciousness. This will relax your whole face, prevent that taut expression that causes premature lines around the eyes and mouth.

A good eye wash is a necessity. These washes cleanse, soothe and refresh the eyes. It is well to use them in the morning, to awaken the eyes; at night, to cleanse them of the day's dust, and after travel, sports or exposure to dust and glare. There is Eye-Gene, a clear liquid that comes with a dropper. Two drops make dull, tired, veined eyes clear and sparkling in a jiffy, and make your eyes feel so good. I-Bath is another good product of this kind, and once you've used it, you'll probably consider it as necessary to that awake, fresh feeling as your body bath. Murine, also, has been used by many of the stars and always gets a big hand. Elizabeth Arden, Helena Rubinstein and most of the makers of fine cosmetic lines have a good eye tonic or bath. And, believe it or not, tears are also a fine wash—nature's eye wash. If you sniffle and sob and distort your face, you'll look pretty sad, but if a few tears trickle now and then, the kind that Freddie Bartholomew and Shirley Temple draw so well, and you wipe them gently away in protective darkness, you'll probably emerge from the theatre to have your escort mention something about your endearing eyes. Gentle tears wash out the eyes, leave them clear and sparkling.

Now we come to exciting make-up. I say "exciting," because when you reshape or accent a brow, apply shadow or mascara, you see instant change and it is thrilling. So let's begin with brows and work downward. I'll pass on a few good ideas from Perc Westmore, famous studio authority, because I don't know anyone who can work the eye magic that Perc can. He believes that your brows should be the length of your eyes or extended a tiny bit, never

shorter, and that they should conform in line to the general shape of your eyes. Long eyes, like Kay Francis' and Dorothy Lamour's, need long brows, not too curved. Round or curved eyes need an arched brow, while the rare almond eye needs a slight Oriental slant in brow.

The end of the brow should taper away, and if you can't persuade the brows to grow in this manner, then taper the ends with an eyebrow crayon. I've just received some new ones from Maybelline, black and brown, neat pencils with metal protectors over the tip. For best results, keep the tip well pointed, then you can draw a neat line instead of a smudge.

If you want to accent your whole brow color, do as Joan Crawford once showed me; make a series of short strokes in the direction the brow hairs grow, then brush into place. This is more natural looking than a hard, firm line. If you still cling to the old, hairline brow, try letting it grow just a little thicker. I think you'll like the change and from a fashion point it is better now. Of course every brow needs a clear, definite line, and for this you'll find Kurlash Twissors, tweezers ends and scissors handles, just about the handiest gadget you can find. Twissors enable you to get a firm grasp and see exactly what you're doing because they're curved.

Shadow, cleverly used, is a means of reshaping eyes, besides adding depth, emotion and increasing color. Richard Hudnut has done a clever job in a make-up ensemble, which considers eyes as your dominating color scheme. Accordingly, the Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup has been worked out for blue, gray, brown and hazel eyes. Powder, rouge and lipstick harmonize, and thus has been solved a trying solution for many—that of color make-up type. The products are fine, and you will enjoy using them and knowing that you are a color symphony and not a result of haphazard choosing.

Maybelline has just done some smart re-styling of some of its shadows. There is a new gray that is divine. There is light and life in it and it will go magnificently with make-up of a pinkish cast and the blue-reds you will see this Autumn. It is a smart, soft and altogether beautiful tone. Some blue has been added to the Maybelline former green shadow, giving soft mystery to the eyes. I have a weakness for green shadow, since it seems to go with many colors in eyes and costumes, and here is a green that really will. There are six tones in Maybelline shadow and you'd be smart to have them all for a regular shadow "wardrobe," to go with moods and costumes. They're most reasonably priced in your chain stores. One more news flash from Maybelline—a blue lining crayon, with which to line the lid just above the upper lashline. It gives a professional beauty touch. Though it's a pencil, it's for lining only.

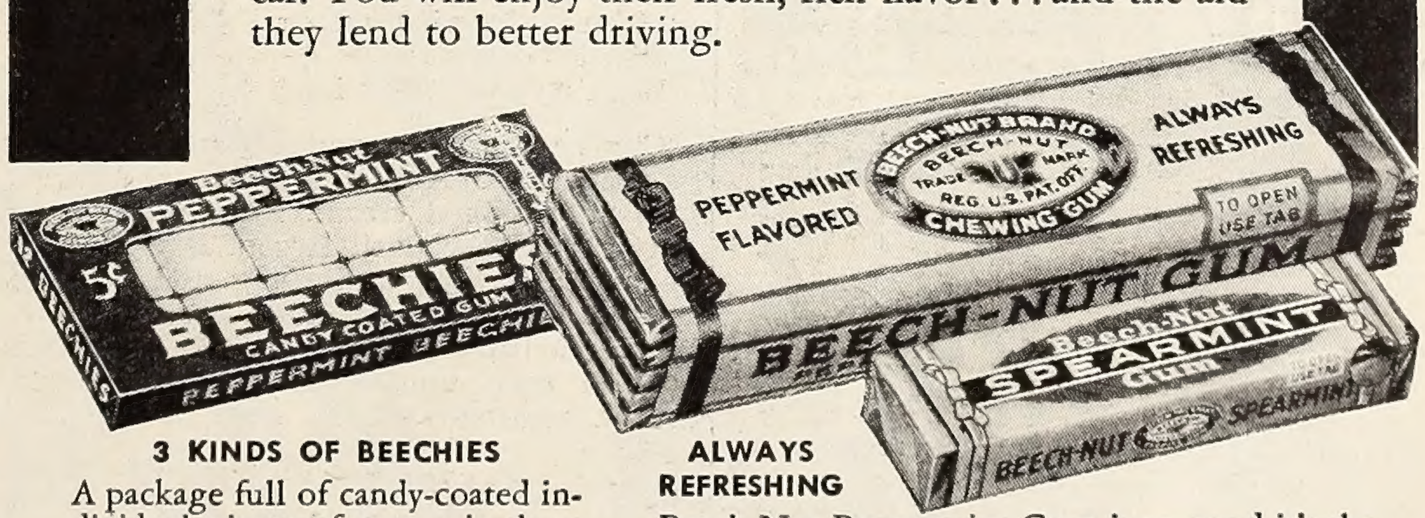
Next to lipstick, mascara is undoubtedly our greatest make-up blessing. Your good, modern mascara does not harm eyes or lashes; in fact, some mascaras have an ingredient that helps keep lashes in good condition. Winx has a fine mascara that is hard to detect on the lashes, yet accents them to new, blooming beauty. Maybelline is just another name for a fine lash beautifier, as users all know, and Max Factor, of course, makes the mascara of the stars.

Aziza is a new-comer to us from Paris, beautiful on the lashes, and in two unusual tones, aside from the regular ones—blue-black and *chatain* (chestnut). This *chatain* is beautiful on the auburn and red-gold hair types.

In spite of outward appeal, nothing can give your eyes that look that others love and trust but you. Eyes are truly the windows of your soul and others can see through them.

Have you tried chewing gum while you're driving?

Many drivers tell us—and many laboratory tests explain why—chewing gum helps ease nervous tension under pressure, aids in reducing your feeling of fatigue. Just as gum helps an athlete keep "on his game," so it helps a driver keep on the job, alert and yet relaxed. On long trips chewing gum helps to relieve driving drowsiness. Keep a package of Beech-Nut Gum or a box of candy-coated Beechies always handy in the pocket of your car. You will enjoy their fresh, rich flavor . . . and the aid they lend to better driving.



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A package full of candy-coated individual pieces of gum...in three flavors...Peppermint, Pepsin and Spearmint. Select the kind you like.

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BEECH-NUT GUM
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LIQUID—*Instant*, protects 24 hours. *Regular*, for 1 to 3 days.
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TRY THESE NEW RECIPES

They Are Bound To Tempt Even The Most Jaded Appetite.

(All recipes pre-tested)

By Ruth Corbin

Glenda Farrell places her Peach Mousse in the refrigerator until time to serve.

I LIKE to make kitchen work as light and as easy as possible in the summer. However, it is a mistake to limit your menu to cold dishes exclusively no matter how torrid the day. What we need in hot weather is food that satisfies but is easy to prepare. Packaged goods and refrigerator short cuts are two important factors toward making this possible.

FROZEN CHEESE SALAD

- 1/4 cup Roquefort Cheese (Borden)
- 1 package Philadelphia Cream Cheese
- 2 teaspoons each chopped green pepper, pimento, walnut meat
- 1 teaspoon chopped chives
- 1/2 cup whipping cream
- Sliced Tomatoes
- Kraft's French Dressing

Cream Roquefort and Cream Cheese to smooth mass. Add vegetables and nuts. Fold in whipped cream. Place mixture in refrigerator tray until frozen. Dip slices of tomatoes in French dressing and place a slice on a lettuce leaf on each salad plate. Scoop out balls of cheese mixture and place one on each tomato slice. Garnish with cooked salad dressing.

BAKED TOMATOES
(with cheese sauce)

- 6 tomatoes
- 2 tablespoons Crisco
- 2 tablespoons Pillsbury's flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup grated Kraft's American cheese
- Few grains pepper

Take out blossom ends of tomatoes and make slight gashes across top. Bake until tender. Heat Crisco, add flour and mix until smooth. Add milk gradually and cook 8 to 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Add salt, pepper and cheese and stir until cheese is melted. Pour over baked tomatoes. Serve alone, with strips of toast spread with sardine paste or devilled ham or with fluffy mashed potatoes and—

CHICKEN MUSHROOM LOAF

- 1 tablespoon Knox's plain gelatine
- 3 egg yolks
- 1/2 cup cooked White Rose Mushroom caps
- 1 cup whipping cream
- Pepper
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 cup chicken stock
- 1 cup Richardson & Robbins canned chicken
- Paprika

This is a new, original and excitingly delicious recipe which I have just developed. Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Beat egg yolks slightly; add chicken stock, made by dissolving 2 Herb-Ox Bouillon cubes in 1 cup of warm water slowly and cook over hot water until mixture begins to thicken. Season . . . no salt is needed, the canned chicken and bouillon being sufficiently salted. Add gelatine and dissolve thoroughly. Add mushrooms and diced chicken. Remove and chill. When mixture begins to set fold in cream whipped to a soft custard thickness. Pack into individual moulds and chill 2 hours. Unmold to serve.

Warm weather just naturally calls for jellied bouillon. The simplicity with which it is made makes it ideal for summer. Just add 3 tablespoons Knox's plain gelatine to each quart of hot bouillon (4 to 5 Steero cubes are required for each quart). Chill in either a small dish or refrigerator trays, cut in cubes and serve in cups. Vegetables, diced left over meats, canned pimento forced through a sieve and flavored with a little sherry or lemon juice all make excellent and tasty variations of plain consommé or jellied bouillon.

BANANA NUT SALAD

Arrange crisp lettuce leaves on salad plates. Peel 2 oranges, remove pits and cut into slices about 1/4 inch thick. Lay one on

each plate. Peel 3 bananas, cut in lengthwise slices, spread with Ann Page Salad Dressing and lightly toss in finely chopped walnuts. Arrange on orange slices and chill before serving.

LEMON DELICACY

2 tablespoons butter
¾ cup sugar
Juice 1 lemon
Grated rind ½ a lemon
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons flour
2 eggs

This is another new recipe which you are sure to like. Cream butter, add sugar gradually and cream well together. Add beaten egg yolks, flour, lemon juice and rind. Mix thoroughly. Add milk and fold in stiffly beaten whites. Pour into greased baking dish. Set in pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven (350° F.) about 45 minutes. A delicate golden brown crust will form on top and pudding will develop its own delicious sauce.

ENGLISH BEEF STEW

1½ pounds flank steak
2 tablespoons Crisco
3 each onions, carrots, potatoes, medium size
1 cup boiling water
½ teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
8 whole cloves
Flour

Cut steak in cubes and brown in Crisco. Add whole vegetables, water, Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, cloves tied in small piece cheese cloth. Cover, simmer 1½ hours. Drain off and measure liquid; thicken with 1 tablespoon flour, mixed with an equal amount of cold water, for each cup liquid. In making any stew remember it is the seasoning and simmering which makes them different . . . stews do not need fast cooking. If you cook them in a dutch oven or a heavy iron skillet you can almost forget about them during the required cooking period. Sometimes vary the carrot-onion-potato formula with green beans, baby limas and cauliflower, especially in the vegetable season. If you brown meat in fat first you'll find the stew has a grand color.

CHICKEN SALAD

This recipe has been in my family since Civil War days. Whenever I serve this dish it always wins me compliments. Put 2 cups Heinz tomato juice, 1 small onion cut, 1 chopped stalk celery, a piece of lemon rind and ½ a teaspoon salt in a saucepan. Bring slowly to simmering point and simmer 5 minutes. Strain this into 1 heaped tablespoon Knox's gelatine which has been soaking in ¼ cup lemon juice and ¼ cup cold water. Stir until dissolved. Turn into a wetted border mold, place on ice until set. Unmold on lettuce leaves and fill center with 1 cup diced R. & R. canned chicken and Doles Pineapple cubes, mixed with ½ cup shredded, grilled almonds; season with salt and paprika, moisten with ½ cup whipped cream and a cup of mayonnaise mixed together and thoroughly chilled.

For an unbeatable quick cake with a home touch buy cake layers from your baker and fill generously with a Creole Butter Icing. Cover top and sides with halved and broken bits of pecan meats. With frozen desserts, fruits or even alone this cake is supreme.

CREOLE BUTTER FILLING

Cream 2½ tablespoons butter. Sift 3 cups Domino Confectioners sugar, 1½ tablespoons Bakers Breakfast Cocoa and a dash of salt together. Add part of this mixture gradually to butter, blending well. Add remaining sugar mixture alternately with 5½ tablespoons strong coffee (about), until of right consistency to spread, beat after each addition until smooth. Add 2 tablespoons Sunbeam Vanilla. Place between layers, around sides and on top.

A moussé which fairly melts in the mouth can be quickly made by combining peach pulp with an equal amount of whipped cream and a little gelatine and allowing to cool until ready. Also, try putting peaches through a sieve (about 6) and mix with the beaten whites of 3 eggs. Bake as a soufflé and serve with a custard sauce made with the egg yolks. You'll find peaches to be the handiest fruit on your shopping list. Combine with almost any standard dessert, salad, pudding or even with main dishes and you will have something superlative in flavor and appetite-appeal.

SHRIMP WIGGLE

1 tablespoon butter
2 teaspoons minced onion
1 green pepper, minced
¼ pounds mushrooms sliced
1 No. 2 can White Rose Shrimp
1½ cups cream sauce
1 egg yolk
Cooked rice

Melt butter in heavy saucepan; add onion, green pepper and mushrooms. Cover, cook slowly until onion is yellow but not brown. Add shrimps, cook a minute longer to heat through. Combine with a cream sauce; bring to steaming point. Pour shrimp mixture over a slightly beaten egg yolk. Return to heat; cook and stir for a minute to set egg. Pour over flaky cooked rice and serve.

HAIR THAT THRILLS!

Here's the Hollywood* Way to Beautiful Hair

WHAT a thrilling surprise awaits you the first time you use Drene—Procter & Gamble's amazing shampoo discovery. For you will find, as millions of women already have, that Drene leaves hair manageable, radiant, beautiful beyond your fondest dreams. Drene performs this beauty miracle because it magically removes dulling film left on hair by previous shampoos. Drene is not a soap—not an oil. Contains no harmful chemicals. It cannot leave a beauty-clouding film on hair to dull natural lustre; nor a greasy oil film to catch dust. Drene actually makes 5 times more lather than soap in hardest water. Lather so gentle, yet so active, that dirt, grease, perspiration—even loose dandruff flakes—are washed away with a single sudsing and thorough rinsing. Hair is left sparkling clean this mild, safe way. Gloriously brilliant without the need of lemon, vinegar, or special after-rinses.

Today, you can give your hair a shampoo specifically designed to bring out its full individual beauty. For there are now two kinds of Drene; Special Drene for Dry Hair—Regular Drene for normal and oily hair. Get Drene from drug, department or 10c stores. Better beauty shops everywhere feature this shampoo marvel. A single shampoo will both amaze and thrill you.

To Remove Dulling Film That Clouds Hair Beauty—

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Shampoo

SPECIAL for Dry Hair
REGULAR for Normal or Oily Hair

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"What cleanliness! What luster!

with the

NEW LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE!"

"Never anything like Luster-Foam," says glamourous Athalia Ponsell, lovely New York Model.

supercharged with

LUSTER-FOAM

[$C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$]

Luster-Foam's dainty, gentle "bubble bath" surges into tiny cracks, pits, and fissures seldom properly cleansed, where various dental authorities estimate between 75% and 98% of decay starts. Women's Consumer Jury crazy about Luster-Foam.

Think of a tooth paste that may reduce dental troubles amazingly . . . that cleanses danger areas where even water seldom enters . . . that swiftly combats dangerous decay-causing acids and sweeps away germs that accompany them.

These are the benefits you get with the new, *energized* tooth paste . . . the New Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster-Foam ($C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$).

Luster-Foam detergent is not a soap yet it has penetrating power far beyond that of soap . . . beyond that of water.

That is why it gets into those tiny danger areas between the teeth, at the gum line, on bite surfaces, and cleanses them so effectively. You yourself can see what such super-cleansing might mean, over the years, in reducing dental troubles.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, this magic Luster-Foam detergent foams into a dainty, fragrant "bubble bath" (20,000 bubbles to the square inch), faintly perceptible, but, oh, how effective! Surging over and between the teeth, it performs an *unfelt*, but none the less *real* miracle of cleansing.

Then Luster-Foam surges into remote spots which ordinary pastes and powders, even water, may never reach . . . the 60 "blind spots" between the teeth and at the gum line where germs breed and decay acids form . . . where many authorities estimate between 75% and 98% of decay starts.

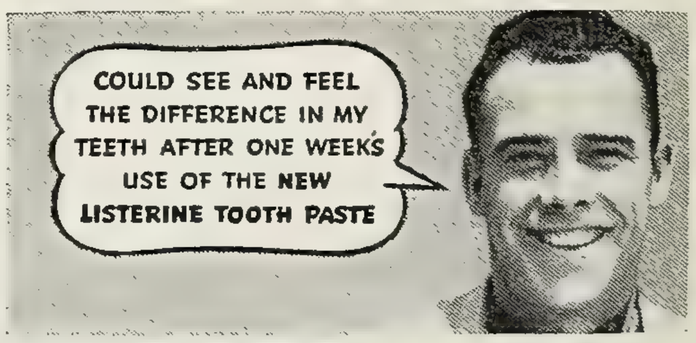
Now Luster-Foam reaches them . . . and because it does, dental trouble may be reduced.

Get the modern, new Listerine Tooth Paste at any drug counter. In economical 25¢ and 40¢ sizes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

WOMEN'S CONSUMER JURY CRAZY ABOUT LUSTER-FOAM

With all brand names concealed, a large Women's Consumer Jury voted as follows: Against one leading brand, the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam was a two to one favorite. Against the next two, a decided favorite. Against a fourth, a very slight edge. The verdict of the men's consumer jury was essentially the same with the exception that the fourth paste reversed the women's results slightly. The comments below are typical:



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LUSTER-FOAM

[$C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$]

FOR *Super-cleansing*

SILVER SCREEN

Topics For Gossips

James Cagney
Claudette Colbert
Joan Blondell

JANE WITHERS recently was invited by a member of the press to do a guest interview on one of her favorite actors. She decided to tackle Rhett Butler Gable on account she seems to share the universal feminine enthusiasm for him. The date was set and Jane was escorted to Clark's dressing room wearing her very best dress and prettiest hat. She was introduced, and opened her mouth to speak. Not a sound came out. The interviewer was stricken dumb. Such is the Gable power over women!

So Clark had to ask the questions as well as supply the answers.

BING CROSBY has the bulkiest lucky token in Hollywood—a shoe which one of his colts threw just before winning a long shot race. And you'd be surprised to know the number of movie folk who carry around a rabbit's foot.

THE Blondell-Powell baby has blue eyes and looks like Dick from its eyes up and like Joan from its mouth down. But the nose they aren't quite sure about. It's a little bit squashy yet and neither of them will claim it. The baby will be called Ellen unless the Powells change their mind.

STRAWBERRIES, so large, so luscious that James Cagney proudly gives one to each of his friends while the dew is still undisturbed. They were air-mailed to him from his farm in Martha's Vineyard, Mass., and they are "the berries."

ISA MIRANDA, injured recently in an automobile accident, was forced to withdraw from "Zaza." It was to have been her first American picture. However, Miss Miranda retained her sporting poise and sent a bouquet of American Beauty roses to Claudette Colbert, who has taken the "Zaza" part, to wish "Good luck to you and Zaza."

THE bar in Cary Grant's home is decorated with steamship posters—he has a passion for traveling but never seems to get nearer the ocean than Santa Monica. Gary Cooper is another of the boys who is always planning a long trip. He dotes on collecting folders and posters and makes elaborate plans for his itinerary.

IN ONE scene in "The Lady and the Cowboy" Merle Oberon fashions a makeshift sunsuit out of one of Gary Cooper's cowboy shirts, and looks so cute romping around in it that we fear on the release of the picture that girls all over the world will be swiping their boy friends' shirts to make sunsuits. It'll probably be a fad.

NO MORE gay week-ends, swimming and playing tennis and sun-tanning, for Jeanette MacDonald until she finishes "Sweethearts." The picture is being done in technicolor which means that if Jeannette even gets so much as a dash of sunburn she'll look funny on the screen. When a star starts a technicolor picture she might as well reconcile herself to sitting at home and knitting until it's over.

HUGH HERBERT is a friendly sort of guy and always believes in speaking to people he knows when he meets them out. The other day he saw Luise Rainer in a Hollywood shop and, inasmuch as he had done a lot of scenes with her in "The Great Waltz," now in production, Hugh went over to her and said, "Hello." But imagine his amazement, not to mention embarrassment, when Miss Rainer covered her face with her hands, pulled up her coat collar, and whispered, "Do not speak to me—except on the set." And they say this isn't the first time La Rainer has acted so rudely. Since her separation from Clifford Odets she is becoming more of a Garbo than ever.

DIFFERENT indeed was Robert Taylor's last trip to New York from that first visit when girls hid under his bed and annoyed newspapermen called him "pretty boy" and asked him if he had any hair on his chest. While he was in New York recently, having flown there to see the Louis-Schmelling fight, he was appointed Hollywood representative of the committee to bring the next world's heavyweight bout to Los Angeles. And this time the press boys slapped him on the back and pronounced him a regular fellow.

SIX years ago when Don and Honore Ameche were married the finances were quite low and they weren't able to go on a honeymoon. "But some day," said Don, "I'll give you a grand honeymoon in Europe." So recently, when the last day's work on "Ellis Island" was finished Don and Honore, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Chester Lauke (Lum of Lum and Abner), left for that belated European honeymoon.

FRANCHOT TONE, Bruce Cabot, Gene Raymond and Bill Henry are the newest members of the mustache brigade.

THOUGH they have never seen her on the screen, the Dionne Quintuplets have a favorite motion picture actress—according to Jean Hersholt who was recently in Callander, Ontario, making another picture with the world's most famous babies. It is Joan Crawford. "I am forced to sue you for alienation of affections," Mr. Hersholt recently wrote Joan. "On the fourth birthday of the Quints they were allowed to look at pictures of movie stars. They returned all the photographs to their nurse except one of you which they put on their dresser Previously, mine was the only picture they had on their dresser, but now I share honors with you."

WHILE there was much gossip about Janet Gaynor running around with Richard Carlson, New York actor now under contract to Selznick, it's really Joan Valerie he's flaming about. Joan is the pretty young thing whose first role was a menace in the Jones Family's "A Trip to Paris." But she proved so lovely in the rushes that the studio hastily re-wrote the script and made her a sympathetic lead. Janet and Tyrone Power have made up after a misunderstanding and once more are a romancing couple.

THAT lace fan which Anita Louise carries in "Marie Antoinette" is an antique which the actress picked up in a London shop several years ago. It was once owned by a French beauty of Louis XIV's court, and is heavily insured. Anita carried it home in its case every night after production for fear something would happen to her most valuable antique.

LORETTA YOUNG says the George Brent romance isn't, it's just friendly companionship. Recently George has been escorting Merle Oberon to Hollywood parties and premieres, but it will have to stop soon as George has to go to Pensacola, Florida, with the "Wings of the Navy" company. Olivia de Havilland also goes on this long distance location, and what with Florida moons and starry nights it will probably be the beginning of a romance. Right at present Olivia's favorite boy friend seems to be the very entertaining and attractive Billy Bakewell. Poor Billy had better start worrying about Florida.

ON LOCATION WITH THE "QUINTS"

At Callander, Ontario, The Five Star Special Crew Which Is Filming "Five Of A Kind" Finds The Dionne Children Willing To "Give."

By Frank Perrett

Photographs Copyright 1938 NEA Service, Inc.

Emilie, Annette, Yvonne, Marie and Cecile are perfectly normal kids and their world-wide fame hasn't, apparently, spoiled them yet.

THE strangest location trip Hollywood makes is that which takes a complete 20th Century-Fox unit from the walled fastness of Movietone City, overlooking California's Santa Monica Bay, to the barbed wire four-acre enclosure two miles out from Callander in the north country, home of the four-year-old Dionne quintuplets.

The Hollywood folk have just finished their third visit to Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie Dionne, this time to film "Five Of A Kind," a comedy with music. In it the quintuplets sing two songs and do a dance. A marked departure from both "The Country Doctor" and "Reunion," the new picture is strictly light and romantic with the tiny mademoiselles supported by Jean Hersholt, Claire Trevor, Cesar Romero, Joan Davis, Slim Summerville and John Qualen.

Each chubby, brown-haired and brown-eyed quint was paid a little more than $1300 an hour for her time before the camera. The total pay check was $100,000.

The world's most famous five little girls have little in common with fellow stars in Hollywood.

They've never seen themselves on the screen.

They didn't sign a contract.

They worked only an hour a day.

They didn't go to Hollywood — Hollywood came to them.

A scene from the picture showing the "Quints" in their adorable little dance frocks. Everything is given to them "five of a kind." Note their toys.

They didn't read a script but they made plenty of changes in the one that was written for them.

They have no liveried chauffeurs. In fact they've never been in an automobile. The only journey they ever made was in the arms of Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe and nurses to their present abode from the two-story frame house across the road where they were born.

At the same time they maintain a staff of 14 persons and pay for the upkeep of their nursery at a cost of about $26,000 a year.

They've never seen money, not even so much as one of those over-sized Canadian pennies, but they're worth between $600,000 and $800,000.

Dr. Dafoe, their physician and friend since the day they were born, says the quints will have to

Jean Hersholt plays the part of the famous Dr. Dafoe and has no hesitation in stealing the limelight from him—if only temporarily. (Left) In Tyrolean costume the children sing "Frere Jacques" for a sequence in this year's picture.

buy any privacy they will ever enjoy and for this reason he favors their appearance on the screen and in endorsements of various food and clothing products and toys. Their present fortune, invested in Canadian government bonds, yields an annual return that falls about $5,000 short of covering their expenditures. With larger living quarters an urgent need still greater expenses are in prospect.

More than half of the quints' earnings have come from their motion picture work.

Having returned from their 1938 trip to Callander, Jean Hersholt, who again portrays the role of the country doctor, Dr. Luke, and other members of the "Five Of A Kind" unit are in a position to answer the frequent query:

"Are the quints really 100 per cent normal, mentally and physically?"

Jean Hersholt said:

"Those little girls are fine, sturdy little human animals and as smart as any group of four-year-olds you ever saw. I'll admit I'm a little bit prejudiced in their favor. I can't forget the day, after we had finished a scene in which we were all having a fine time playing—or working, if you must call it that—one of the nurses came to me and asked me to come into the nursery while she was preparing Yvonne for her lunch and nap. Yvonne was crying because her Doctor Luke was leaving and before her tears would cease I had to promise that I would be sure to come to see her sisters and herself the next morning. No man could be strong enough to resist such flattery from Yvonne."

Herbert I. Leeds, 20th Century-Fox' youngest director, was deeply impressed by the youngsters.

"I'd heard so many conflicting stories about the Dionne quintuplets that I didn't know what to expect," he said "After spending a month in Callander I had very definite impressions.

"First, from a physical standpoint, they're good, healthy little girls. They come of sturdy northern Ontario French-Canadian stock and I'm sure that by now they have overcome the great handicap of their premature multiple birth. Stop and think, the five of them, at birth, weighed 13 pounds.

"Full credit is due Dr. Dafoe and his nurses for the inspired care which kept the five babies alive from moment to moment during their early days and weeks. But a debt also is due the training the children have received since, training based on the most modern knowledge, tempered by the invaluable horse sense of a little country doctor.

"The quints are as straight as little Indians. Their hearts and lungs are sound and the Toronto experts who examined them during our stay pronounced their eyes and teeth perfect. Their weight is normal and their appetites are to be envied.

"Smart? At the age of four those youngsters are ready for kindergarten work. Thanks to several years abroad I am able to speak and understand French without trouble and this enabled me to make a personal test with my French speaking stars. I kept a close check during my month with them and found that they have a vocabulary of approximately 250 to 300 words. Remember that the average adult uses no more than 500 words and then draw your own conclusions."

There can be no doubt about the sincerity of the sorrow of the Mademoiselles Dionne at the departure of their friends when the location work was ended.

Filming started at 10:30 each day and ended at 11:30. Invariably the little girls would stop several times on leaving the playground or the playroom—scenes of their movie work—to turn and call out:

"Good day, M'sieu Leeds, Good day, Doctor Luke, we will see you tomorrow."

One of the reasons for this warm feeling no doubt lies in the fact that Leeds, aided by the nurses, made a game of the things he wanted them to do before the camera.

They got off to a good start on the first day. Because it was cloudy filming started indoors. At 10 o'clock the quints came in from their playground where 2000 tourists had watched them through one-way screens.

Miss LeVaughn Larson, in charge of the $3,500 studio designed wardrobe, was there to help the nurses get them into little red

Marie, Cecile, Yvonne, Annette and Emilie may look alike and certainly they are always dressed alike, but each expresses her maternal instinct in a different way.

dresses. This was simple because dress, underskirt and shorts were all sewed together and the whole thing was fastened with a zipper. White socks and patent leather slippers plus white hair ribbons completed the outfits. While the dresses were being donned forty or fifty long brown curls were being given the proper touch.

Running into the nursery they paid no attention whatever to the cameras, the soft blue lights, or the director and camera crew attired in hospital garb and wearing hospital masks. Yvonne and her sisters were aware only that the nursery had been completely transformed. On the walls, in different colors, were Donald Ducks, Mickey Mouses, rabbits and birds, and right there before them were five doll beds with a doll in each one. In the middle of the floor was a little wash tub and beside it towels and cakes of soap, and a clothes line and clothes pins.

The quints knew what to do with all that equipment. They took up the dolls, undressed them, bathed and dried them, put pajamas on them, made the beds over, fed the "babies" with tiny nippled milk bottles, and tucked their charges under the covers. Then they washed clothes, hung them out, and used carpet sweepers on the floor. Of course, a bed went overboard once or twice and Marie tried to sweep a rabbit from the wall with her carpet sweeper, but those were only trifles.

Playing "follow the leader" with Jean Hersholt.

Emilie got Annette's doll by mistake after the nurses had moved the beds for a closer shot but Emilie proved that she knew which doll was which and there was no real trouble. Each doll bore the initial of its respective owner. The quints all know their names when they see them written and they also know their initials. Their initials are on all their clothes and toys.

Yvonne put her doll to bed but it wouldn't close its eyes. Yvonne picked it up and said, "If you don't go to sleep right away I'll have to make you take your nap alone on the porch." She gave the doll a little shake and its eyes closed.

The only hitch came when Leeds sought to utilize the trick by which he expected to effect an exit by the quints.

"All right," he called, "that's all, children, you can go to lunch now."

But the children paid no heed. They were engaged in keeping house and they had no intention of stopping. M'sieu Leeds did NOT get the exit.

After the hour's work Dr. Dafoe recorded temperatures and pulses. Both were normal. At lunch all five had two extra helpings and that night they slept as though a sound night's rest would induce Santa Claus to make a midsummer visit.

The next day the sequence was continued with but one slight hitch. Yvonne declined to follow Leeds' request that she, like her sisters, kiss her doll and put it to bed. Shaking her head, she continued to arrange her doll's hair ribbon.

The explanation offered by a nurse was that she and the other nurses had for two days promised the children that on the following morning Doctor Luke would bring five puppies for them to see—and he hadn't brought them. The reason they hadn't been brought lay in the fact that the puppy scene required sunshine and the north country skies had provided none.

"If you'd promise the puppies tomorrow . . ." suggested the nurse.

But Leeds refused to make a promise he wasn't sure he could keep —and Yvonne didn't kiss the doll and put it to bed.

But two days later the sun reappeared and when the quints came out of the nursery onto the lawn they were met by Jean Hersholt carrying a clothes basket covered by a little pink blanket. The girls, who had never in their lives seen pets of any kind, had been prepared for the event by the nurses.

Hersholt removed the blanket and the puppies put their paws on the edge of the basket and looked out.

The quints stopped in a row on the top step and looked, and looked, and looked some more.

"Come and see what I have for you," Hersholt said. But not a quint moved.

"Come on," Hersholt urged again.

Without more hesitation little Marie [*Continued on page* 72]

PROJECTION OF BOB BURNS

By Elizabeth Wilson

FROM out of the hills of Arkansas has come a quiet sort of man with a sly grin, a chuckle, and a drawl that has made him America's favorite story teller. And judging from his fan mail—he now receives well over ten thousand letters a month—he is on his way to becoming America's favorite screen actor. Paramount, his studio, can take a hint, and we can call an avalanche of fan letters a pretty good hint, so in his next picture, "The Arkansas Traveler," he will be a full-fledged star. When asked how it feels to reach such a high pinnacle of success he answers, "Well, I guess I feel different from most people. High places make most people dizzy, but I had to be dizzy to get here."

Bob Burns—he was born Robin but quickly disposed of that bit of whimsy—is quite the nicest thing that has happened to Hollywood in the last few years. He, more than anyone else, has come closer to filling the void left by the sad deaths of those two folksy, human people, Marie Dressler and Will Rogers. He has the same gentleness and modesty, the same matter of fact humor, the same homely philosophy, and most of all the same earthiness, without which no man or woman need ever hope for greatness. He is one of us. And in this fabulous dream world of streamlined boys and girls whose innermost thoughts are as obvious and artificial as cellophane you have no idea what a relief it is to be able to point at Bob Burns and say, "There is a human being."

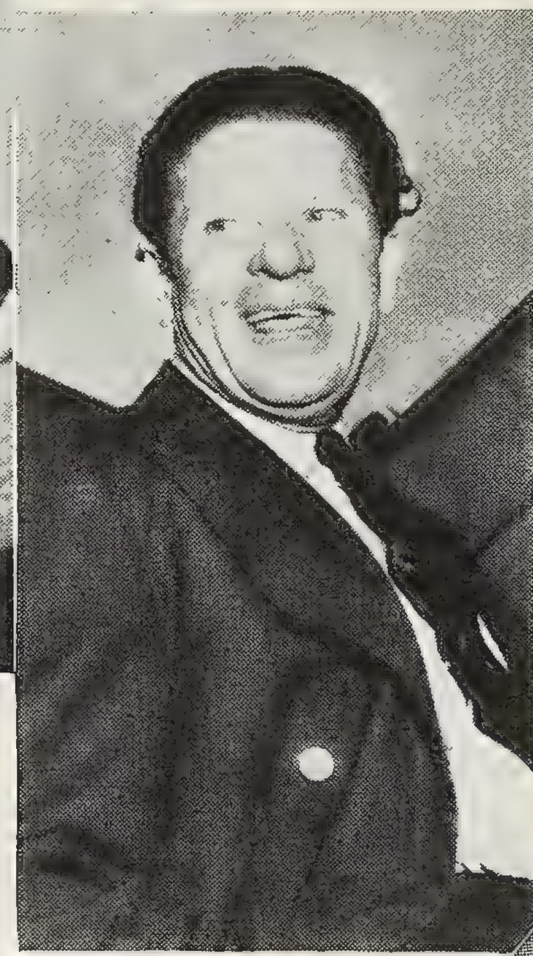
Though frequently accused by the finger-bowl set of being a hill billy, he isn't a hill billy at all. His father was a civil engineer and a surveyor of Crawford County, Arkansas, and when he used to go back into the mountains to survey farms young Bob would accompany him. He had the usual schooling and once matriculated at the Universit of Arkansas, but a minstrel show happened in town about that time and Bob and his bazooka left Van Beuren, never to return except for short visits.

Bob himself, however, would be the last to deny the accusations of being a hill billy. Of the people he knew as a boy in the Ozarks he says, "I've traveled over a lot of the world and met people ranging from kings to doughboys, but nowhere in the world have I met anybody who was more warm-hearted, more honest-to-God friendly, and finer than your Arkansas hill billy. He may not be able to read, but if you'd ride up to his door in the mountains in the middle of the night, he'd give you the best he had."

Meeting Bob Burns for the first time you particularly notice his honest face, his masculine ruggedness, and his neat, well-tailored clothes. He always talks with a drawl, but his English is as good as yours or mine, much better than mine as a matter of fact. Extremely well informed on world affairs he is an intelligent, interesting talker, flavoring everything he says with a dash of homespun philosophy. The very second he begins one of his Van Beuren "relative" stories, famous both on the air and the screen, he automatically reverts to a dialect. Anent these "relatives" he has plucked out of the Ozarks he once said, "In Hollywood I notice all the actors are busy working for their relatives. I guess I'm the only actor smart enough to make my relatives work for me."

On the thirtieth of May, 1937, a year after the death of his first wife, he married his secretary, Harriet Foster, in Los Vegas, Nevada. Martha Raye married the same day and the publicity department of Paramount was in such a state that the poor employees were cheated out of their holiday. This is probably the most thoughtless thing Bob Burns ever did. Early this year he moved into the first home he has had since he left Van Beuren,

a comfortable but unpretentious house which the late California flood did its best to remove. The house, he claims, belongs to his wife, his son, and the newest member of the family, Barbara Ann, born in April. His own special property is a log cabin which he built in the backyard and it is here that he relaxes, stretches out in the sun, and thinks up things to say on his radio program. He doesn't go for tennis or any of those Hollywood sports—his favorite pastime is fishing and whenever he can get a week-end off he and his wife rent a small boat and angle for bass off Catalina.



Unlike Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, and George Burns and Gracie Allen, who used to be in vaudeville with him in the old days, he has never gone Hollywood. Premieres never find him in white tie and tails, his little woman swathed in orchids; and among those lacking at the Trocadero on Sunday nights are the Bob Burns. An acquaintance tells this on him, "Bob was very eager to get in touch with a newspaper man from New York whom he had known in France. He called all over town but couldn't find the man. It was Sunday night and no one was at home. Finally he called me. 'What,' he asked, 'is the name of that dump out on Sunset Boulevard where the producers dance on Sunday night?' 'The Trocadero?' I said. 'Yeah,' said Bob, 'that's it. Maybe I can find him there.' "

The professional career of the only actor in Hollywood who doesn't know the name of the Trocadero (the showcase of our city in case you've just come in) began at the King's Opera House in Van Beuren when he was thirteen years old. In his inimitable manner Bob tells about it. "Besides playing the mandolin in our string band and the trombone in the Queen City band, my uncle had taught me to play a piece on the piano. It was 'I'm Goin' Back to Texas,' and it was the first piece I ever played where I used both hands. One day Colonel King, who owned King's Opera House, came to my house and said he heard I played the piano. He had 'The Squaw Man' playing there that night and he wanted some music between the acts. I told him that I couldn't play good enough for that but he said he didn't know anybody else that could play at all and my playing would be better than nothing and that he'd pay me $2 for it.

"Well, that night I just kept pounding away, repeating the piece over and over again. After the show I went out front and Mr. King gave me $1. I reminded him that he'd promised to pay me $2 and he said 'that's all it's worth.' I said I told you it'd be bad and he said 'yes, but I didn't know it would be that bad.'

"But I always have had a soft spot in my heart for the opera house because that's where I got my start in the show business. When I was signed up on the Bing Crosby program and given a part in his picture 'Rhythm on the Range' I stopped off at Van Beuren on the way to California and they gave me a big homecoming. All the way to Van Beuren I was dreaming about playing my bazooka and talking to the people in that old opera house. Well, they met me at the train with four bands, several thousand people and several hundred dogs and we had a parade down Main Street with ox teams and covered wagons. Everything was great, but I was a little bit disappointed when they took me to the high school auditorium to pull off the homecoming ceremonies. After it was over I asked Mayor Tom English why he didn't let me talk in the opera house on account of that's where I got my start and he says, 'Bob, it's stored plumb full of hay.'

"Do you want to hear how the bazooka was born? That's what most folks seem to want to know about me. One night I was practicing with the string band which was made up of my brother and me and other kids in the town in the back of Hayman's plumbing shop. In those days I played the mandolin on all one-steps and fox-trots, but on waltzes I was playing bass laying my finger on the edge of the table and dragging a resined broom stick across my finger. Well, that night we played the 'Over the Waves Waltz' so much that my finger got pretty hot and I was just fooling around waiting for my finger to cool and I picked up a piece of gas pipe about two feet long and blew in the end of it and my lips happened to catch and made a bass note. That gave me an idea. I picked up a piece of music and rolled it up and slid it inside the gas pipe. I found I could make about three fuzzy bass notes. The boys all laughed and I suppose I was just like other boys—if you laugh at them they'll do it again. I spent the rest of the night figgering out the bazooka. I found another smaller piece of gas pipe and slid it inside the other one and then I soldered a whiskey funnel on the end of it.

"I remember the other boys thought it was kind of silly for me to ruin my lip for a trombone to play on that home-made contraption, but I was always proud of it. But proud as I was I never dreamed that some day General Pershing and the King of Spain would get blue in the face from trying to blow the same instrument—and that it would land me in a dressing room de luxe between Bing Crosby and Carole Lombard. Have you seen my dressing room? It's the prettiest thing I ever saw. The carpet is so thick that the first time I stepped inside it scared me to death. I thought I'd stepped on a cat."

A four part study of the inimitable Bob as he puts over a story to a million listeners.

About 1911 Bob joined a minstrel show and toured all through Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas playing the bazooka. The show broke up in Shreveport, Louisiana, and Bob went on to New Orleans where he got a job carrying bananas down at the dock for twenty-five cents an hour. His brother joined him with his guitar and they got a job playing the theatres in New Orleans for seven dollars a week. By that time the two boys thought they were pretty good so they had visions of New York and big time vaudeville. They rode the rails up as far as Birmingham, Alabama, where they went into bankruptcy and had to hock their instruments. They got a job on an engineering party surveying for the Alabama Power and Light Company and stayed on for two months until they had enough money to get their musical instruments out of hock. Then they grabbed a freight train which took them as far north as Norfolk, Virginia, where they went into bankruptcy again. Here Bob sold silver polish for a while and then got himself a job running a street car while his brother checked peanuts. When the scenery and the peanuts got too monotonous for the boys they got a job as waiters on a boat that docked at Norfolk.

"But when you've seen one wave you've seen them all" as Bob puts it, so the boys took their savings and finished their trip to New York, where they registered at a hotel—for thirty cents a night. His brother got a job in vaudeville and went on the road, and Bob, alone and friendless in New York, got a great yearning for the wide open spaces so the next thing he knew he was putting up hay and herding cattle with his Uncle Rob in

Hugo, Oklahoma. But he and his Uncle Rob had a fight about a mule so Bob hit out for Salt Lake City where he joined an engineering party building a substation for the Utah Light Company. He stayed there until the job was finished and then he took all his money and organized a vaudeville troupe called "Three Smilers and Nix."

"It was an awful act," says Bob. "The last time we played was in Logan, Utah. By that time my money had run out and none of the others ever had any. We started this thumbing a ride business but we did our hitch-hiking in farmers' wagons. Twenty years later to the week I appeared in Logan and apologized to the people for the act I had done there on my previous appearance. One of the citizens hollered out from the audience, 'don't forget to come back in twenty years and apologize for this one.' "

Cured of the theatrical yen for the time being Bob went into advertising and soon landed a good job on the *Chicago Herald*. But when America entered the war in 1918 Bob was the first man on the paper to enlist. He enlisted in the Marine Corps but it was sixteen months before he got to France—all on account of he was such a good shot that the government kept him at Paris Island and made a rifle instructor out of him. "I was always a good rifle shot," says Bob. "I remember one time when I was about nine years old I'd been out squirrel hunting in Van Beuren and I had nine big squirrels tied to my belt. But tears were streaming down my face. I met a man from the city and he said, 'kid, what are you crying about?' and I said, 'Papa's gonna give me the dickens when I get home for not hitting this big red squirrel here in the eye.' The man said, 'Why you've got enough squirrels there. Why don't you throw the red one away and your papa won't know the difference.' And I said, 'Oh yes, he will, too, because when I left home this morning he gave me nine bullets.' "

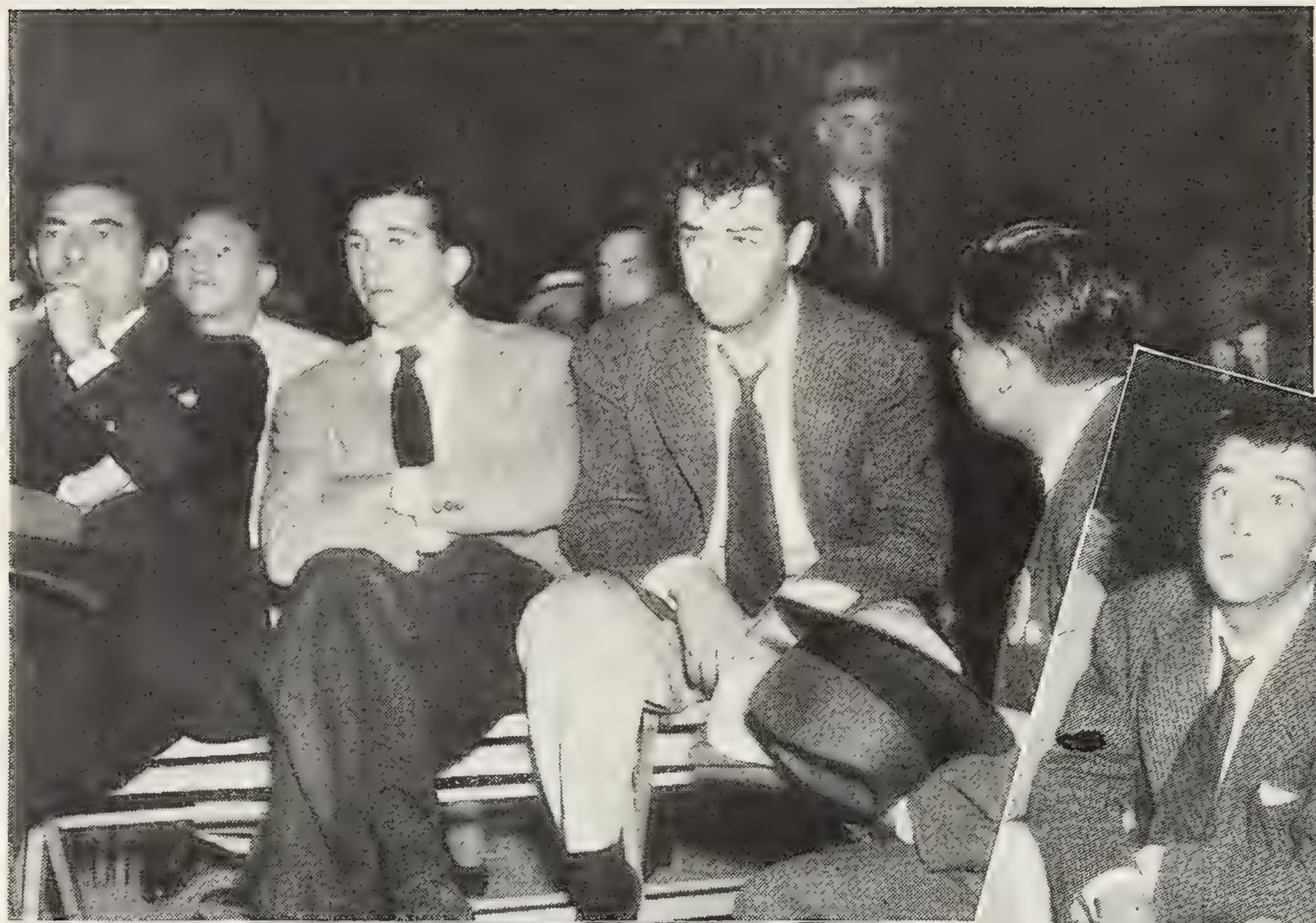
It was the bazooka that finally got Bob to France. The government seemed to think that his bazooka playing might cheer the boys up at the front. It was in Tours that General Pershing first saw the bazooka and asked Bob to let him play it. "He tried to blow it but he didn't even get one note out of it to console him for his temporary loss of dignity." Later, Bob met General Pershing again at Le Mons, France, when the general pinned a gold medal on Bob for winning the A. E. F. rifle championship. Next to his bazooka it is his most treasured possession.

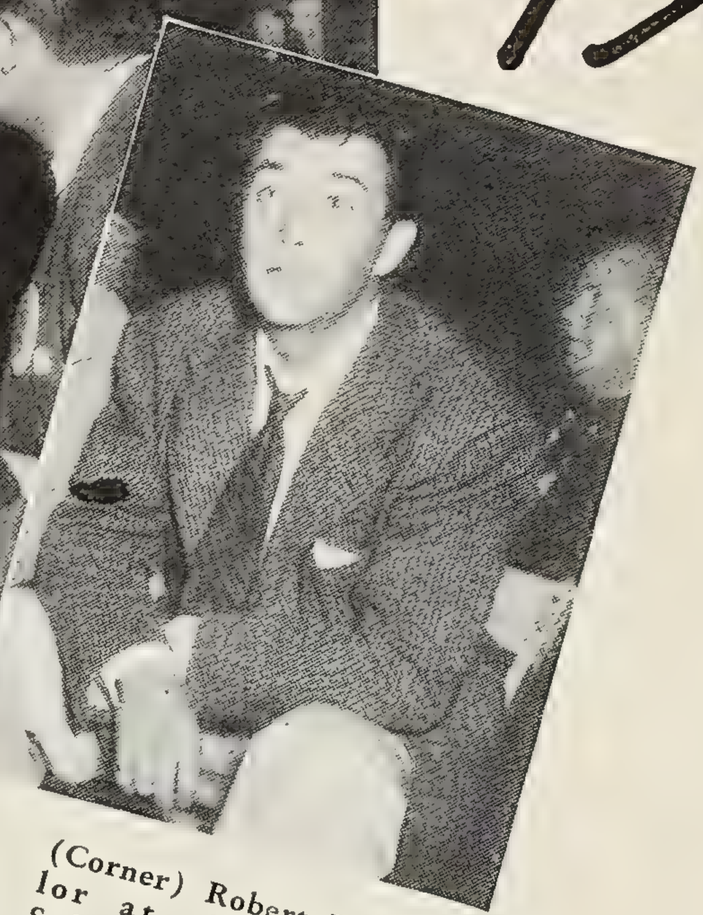
Back in New York after the war he played in various night clubs, and from there he went into the carnival and concession business. [*Continued on page* 70]

(Top) The backyard cabin in the grounds of his home enables Bob to retain the atmosphere of the Ozarks. (Next, below) Barbara Ann (born March 26) and her mother, Mrs. Bob Burns. (Left) Bob and Martha Raye have been teamed several times with excellent results. (Above) Testing a new bazooka (baby size.)

Flash

The Visiting Players, Who Have "Marquee" Names, Would Rather Be Playing Parts Than Having Zerbe Aim At Them Sans The Camouflage Of Make-Up.





(Corner) Robert Taylor at the Louis-Schmeling fight. (Above) The brief battle fascinates the star.

THE great quiet that has descended on Hollywood, and work in the summer theatres of Connecticut or Cape Cod, brought many movie people to New York and the summer heat drove them as quickly out of town as they could go.

It was a sultry, stifling day when I went to the Hotel Ambassador to see Richard Barthelmess. He had come East, not for summer stock acting, but to meet his wife and children home from a winter in Europe, and also to receive an honorary degree from Trinity College in

(Above, left) Sylvia Sidney escorted by William K. Howard, Director. (Next) A second shot. Sylvia grows hilarious! (Left) Arline Judge and her husband, Dan Topping. Flash Zerbe catches Arline's cute little wink. Yeah Man!

shots

By Jerome Zerbe

Hartford where twenty years before he had gone, but from which he had never graduated. Naturally he was flattered and pleased at his Alma Mater's recognition of his success in life. We discussed the current trend towards revivals, which is the terror of the stars, because manners and mannerisms of acting change, the technique of yesterday is entirely different from that of today, and what then was the accepted formula of greatness seems mighty like ham to us.

The success of "The Shiek" revival was in spite of the movie itself (at which audiences howled) and because of the peculiar fascination of Valentino, which transcended the film, and appears as great now as it was twelve years ago. Personally, Barthelmess is very hopeful that "Broken Blossoms" will not be revived.

Fay Wray was in a blue and white drawing room at the Hotel Pierre studying her script for her first part in summer stock, at which she will be busy until Fall. Fay was one of the first of the movie stars to want to get experience from the legitimate stage, and three years ago she made plans to do it, but some film work interfered and she had to give it up. Most of the big stars have at one time had some stage experience, Norma Shearer and Myrna Loy being the most notable exceptions. Fay feels that the technique of the theatre can give one's acting a roundness that no film work can, and so, like a trouper, she is spending the summer in one play after another at the summer theatres.

Sylvia Sidney also has joined the bandwagon, although originally she went to the movies from the stage.

[*Continued on page* 72]

(Above) Michael Bartlett and Adelaide Moffatt discussing hands, jewels or something as Zerbe zoops 'em. (Left) Do you suppose Jean Hersholt is reading "The Care and Feeding Of Quints?"

(Left) An El Morocco "take." Model Ann Crowell, Johnny Walker, Dorothy Mackaill, a "sillent" screen star, and Director Howard K. Howard. (Below) A couple of flashes of Fay Wray at her suite in the Pierre, studying a script. (Right) Richard Barthelmess filled with good nature and his Waldorf-Astoria coffee.

"Take Off That Glamour. We Know You!" The Home Folks Lose The Feeling Of Awe When A Celebrity Is One Of The Family.

JUST what would YOU do if your son or daughter or father or mother or aunt or uncle or cousin or—well, anyway—some relative of yours—was in the movies? Not an extra, but a popular player of note?

Would you shower the lucky one with praise and honeyed words, or would you madden him (or her) with scornful criticism and words of derision? Or would you strike a sort of half-way measure between the two extremes?

It's rather hard to imagine having a movie star in the family, isn't it; but I can tell you how a few folks have reacted in the past—and are reacting right along—about having stellar relations in the ever-glamorous movies.

For instance, Jon Hall's father, Felix Locher, saw his son's fine performance in "Hurricane" and then-and-there became the most ardent fan imaginable of Jon's.

The Goldwyn studio force had some idea of Locher's pride and joy in his son when he ordered and paid for several hundred dollars' worth of tickets for the opening night. But, certainly, a grateful Samuel Goldwyn and staff was hardly prepared for the high-powered salesmanship thereafter displayed by Jon's dad.

At the Carthay Circle theatre, where "Hurricane" had its premiere, Mr. Locher from the very first day became an enthusiastic figure. After each show he would stand outside to greet the cash customers as they emerged. Even the postcard stand in the foyer, where postcards bearing Jon's likeness were mailed to patrons' friends free of charge, came under the watchful eye of the fond parent. And whenever he felt a certain foreign country was not receiving its full quota of postcards, Mr. Locher was "Johnny-on-the-spot," personally mailing out hundreds of the cards himself. And, incidentally, he'd always write on each one, "This boy Hall is a wow! Be sure to see his next film!"

On the other side of the fence, so to speak, there's the 13-year-old brother-in-law of Raymond Milland, who, apparently, just cannot "see" Ray as a popular idol of the screen. As a matter of fact, he recently complained to his sister, Mrs. Milland: "Well, sis, if you HAD to marry a movie actor, forgoshsakes why didn't you pick a good one who could shoot a six-gun and ride a horse like Gene Autrey or Buck Jones?"

"Now, now, darling—!" began Muriel Milland, whereupon young "Bud" broke out into a merry tirade against romantic actors in general and Ray in particular, revealing his full scorn of "guys who play mushy love scenes on the screen," also the fact that his school palsy-walsies were always razzing him, and how he wished "sis" had been a good sport and provided him with a brother-in-law about whom he could brag! The joke is that Ray is the only actor in the world who once rode in the "Grand National."

Those two cases give you some idea of the sort of treatment screen stars get from blunt but well-meaning relatives. Sometimes, they politely rave about "dear-so-and-so," in a manner more lavish than the most ardent fan, but more often they are wont to see the gods and goddesses of the screen in a much less flattering light than we do.

Lovely Arleen Whelan may be treated like a grand new starlet around the 20th Century-Fox lot, but at home she's still the only daughter. Her family has decreed that, star or no star, she has to continue washing the dishes after dinner each night! She bribes her oldest brother, Robert, who is fifteen, to help her.

Sometimes, though, Robert is an awful "pain in the neck." For instance, Arleen thought so the other night when she came home tired and fretty, after a hard day's work at the studio, to find the living room crowded with boys, boys of all sizes and shapes! It turned out that Bobby had rounded up nearly every friend he ever knew and brought them all home,

(Left) Chester Morris' family is critical. (Above) No one at home ever called Gary Cooper a great lover. (Above, right) Arleen Whalen and Don Ameche. In "Ellis Island" they are heroine and hero, but in their homes . . .!

(Below) Bette Davis made prize winning characterizations of "unsympathetic roles," but she receives no cheers from her sister. (Next) Jon Hall's father is on his side of the fence.

By Gordon R. Silver

for a five-cent admission fee, "to see what a movie star really looks like!" Poor Arleen, she was that embarrassed, she could have literally shaken the hide off "dear brother!"

We didn't know that mothers were ever shocked any more at their modern daughters' clothes. But Luise Rainer's mother, arriving in Hollywood for the first time, took one look at her famous "baby," dressed neatly in slacks and bandana, and promptly threw up her hands and yelled "Disgraceful!" or its equivalent in

[*Continued on page* 68]

Stars are clothed in glory, but to Luise Rainer's mother they're hardly clothed at all—shocking! (Left) Luise, with Fernand Gravet, in a scene from "The Great Waltz."

Margaret Sullavan Has Become One Of The Finest Actresses On The Screen. Love Is The Great Teacher.

By
Paul Karel

International

Her husband, Leland Hayward, an agent, with their daughter, Brook, who may become one of her father's future clients.

THE very first time I saw Margaret Sullavan there was shining in her eyes the warm, glowing light of her first love. And each time I got a glimpse into her life in the years that followed I didn't realize that I was seeing the story of her heart unfolding before me. I didn't realize that I was being permitted to see closely so deep into her soul. I know now that all the bits of happiness and heartaches I saw, when placed side by hide, tell her love story.

Margaret Sullavan wouldn't erase or change one iota of it, even if she could. It is all indelibly marked on her heart. And with a woman like her it will remain there forever.

That's why there still clings to her today a little of the wild, young, beautiful thing that was her marriage to Henry Fonda even though she is another man's wife. That's why there clings to her, too, a little of the tumultuous burst of clashing tempers that was her marriage to William Wyler. That's why there is a world of contrast in her today.

The story of her loves streaks through her life with the swish of a giant skyrocket. It's as electrifying and yet, in a way, it's pathetic.

It's the story of a lean, awkward girl who blossomed into a great, dramatic actress.

A scene from her latest picture, "Shopworn Angel," with James Stewart.

There are three men in her story. Each as unlike as night is from day. And yet each is everlastingly a part of Margaret Sullavan. These men have put every meaning into life for her. They put that fine, proud spirit in the way she holds her head. They put that cool insolence in her eyes. They've given her that easy, self-contained flow of assurance which she has. They put a certain strength into the free, full stride that she matches life with today. Within Margaret Sullavan there lies the finesse and the failings of three men. They answer for all that she amounts to as a woman.

As many love stories do it starts in the spring. It starts when she and Henry Fonda found each other. And it revealed itself to me on a day that was fresh and cool with spring rain because I was fortunate enough to be sitting in the same, small restaurant where these two were gazing, adoringly, into each other's eyes. It was the first time I had seen them together and, then, at that moment, I didn't know that here before me sat a woman whose love story I would write some day.

They were both hopelessly in love. You could see that very easily and you could feel it too, somehow, even at a distance. It was in every look, mood and gesture of

THREE CHANCES FOR HAPPINESS

Doping out the chances of a horse with nice eyes keeps Virginia Bruce high in higher mathematics.

ALL

By Ed Sullivan

Any Afternoon During The Season You Will Find A Bevy Of Interested Film Folk Indulging In The Sport Of Kings.

(Top, right) Sally Eilers has a system of betting that would surprise even the horses. (Next, below) Pat O'Brien often risks a wager on an Irish jockey. (Above) Getting tips on horses is an exciting part of Connie Bennett's life.

their latest movie or radio broadcast.

Virginia Bruce sits with J. Walter Rubin, at a Turf Club table, and woe betide an autograph seeker who would intrude on her while she's studying the Racing Form. The Ritz Brothers are not funny men at a track. They bet big and shrewdly, and they work well with Director Dave Butler because he has a stable of horses and gives them accurate tips. They cleaned up the first time Butler's "Alice Faye," a 2-year-old filly, cantered in a winner at long odds. Quite a few of the directors have stables. Dave Butler is one, Raoul Walsh another. Not to forget Director Howard Hawks. Pat O'Brien and Stuart Erwin rarely miss a day at the races, and bet big.

It is curious how things have changed around out here since horse-racing took hold. Once they referred to Hal Roach as the producer of the Our Gang and Laurel and Hardy pictures, a fairly unimportant designation. Roach is a big man in the movie colony now, as the president of the Santa Anita track. Curious too to hear millionaire Jack Warner asking a featured player if the service in the Inglewood restaurant was satisfactory.

Most acute bettors of the movie colony, I'd say, are Al Jolson and Harry Cohn, president of Columbia Pictures. Jolson, of course, is the stand-out. Most of the movie crowd have just entered racing. Jolson has been a big bettor for years. He pays a lot of money for information. So does Harry Cohn, who has one of the smartest handicappers in the east call him daily with information.

The movie girls, however, pay little or no attention to form. Mrs. Frank Borzage, wife of the famous director, watches the auto license numbers on the way to the track. Then by a complicated system of addition and subtraction, she arrives at a single numeral from 1 to 9. If her figures come to five, then she bets the No. 5 horse all day long. Mary Benny plays hunches, names of relatives and friends and then bets on four or five horses in a race. She always has the winner, but just how much she loses in backing four or five horses is a matter for her and her accountant. Louella Parsons is just as variable. Louella stands near the $5 pari-mutuel window and asks each of her friends what he is betting on. Then she bets that horse. As a result, she gets about every horse in the race. Her one big killing came on the day when High Martin won at handsome odds. Her husband is Dr. Harry Martin, so she plunged on the horse. Sally Eilers bets on colors. Her husband is Harry Joe Brown so any brown-silked jockey can be sure of a bet from her. Rhea Gable is one of the few women who bet on past performances. She comes to the track with enough papers and form charts to stock a terminal barber-shop, bets smartly and wins quite often.

Offshoot of this intense interest has been the entrance of Zeppo Marx, Barbara Stanwyck, Louis B. Mayer and other movie people into the breeding field. They are breeding racehorses now, and in a few seasons you will see thoroughbreds bred by movie stars running in the Kentucky Derby. Absurd? Not at all. Can't Wait, which finished third in the last Kentucky Derby, was owned by Myron Selznick, Hollywood agent. William Le Baron, Paramount production head, has the fleet Brown Jade. Sam Briskin, at Columbia, has a good one in Lady Florise. Agent Frank Orsatti races six or seven veteran campaigners in the name of his wife, former movie actress Jean Chatburn. Mervyn Le Roy, Harry M. Warner, Bob Riskin and others of the cinema colony are buying horses as fast as they can negotiate purchases of great stock.

This, I say, is logical.

In Hollywood, producers and players alike know that the difference between success and failure is infinitesimal. The whole business is bossed by Lady Luck and there's no telling when that fickle jade will take her favors elsewhere. A player gambles on every part he agrees to play in moving pictures. The part that read so thrillingly may end his career, overnight.

So this colony of fatalists quite naturally turn to horse-racing because, at least, there's no agonized waiting for the result. Races every thirty minutes, eight times a day, and the winner decided in two minutes or less. It's reckless, but this is a reckless, headlong business in which you pay your money and you take your pick. The sport of kings is an exhaust valve for the gambling instincts of the kings and queens of Hollywood.

woman say: "That can't be that terrible villain we saw in the movies, Ethel."

Joe E. Brown, the buffoon of celluloid, bears no resemblance to Owner Joe E. Brown, saddling one of his horses in the paddock. Gone is the wide-mouthed grin as he attends in all seriousness to the business of preparing his animal for the next race. A few stalls away is Owner Bing Crosby, pipe in hand, as he and his trainer give the jockey last-minute riding instructions. They'd rather have you compliment them, these performers, on a race their horse has run well than on

IF YOU ever hear Kay Francis give a lusty scream in a picture, don't believe it—it's not so!

If you ever snitch a loaf of bread off a movie set, don't eat it—unless you want to land in a hospital!

However, if you ever venture onto a barber shop set, you can eat all the soapy shaving lather you can find (if no one catches you at it!)—for it's swell!

These—and many other similar things—make the movies the most interesting but topsy-turvy business you ever heard of. I'll tell you a few things I know about it presently. Meanwhile, con-

After kissing Dick Purcell, Margaret Lindsay wipes the shaving soap from her lips, but this particular "soap" is really sweet to the taste.

You May Enjoy The Picture Better If You Know Just How It Was Made.

By Grace Simpson

Annabella getting ready for a scene for the historical epic "Suez." Oddly enough, she is going to wear this modern bathing suit under the baggy one of a century ago (which she will don when the cameras are ready to click) to keep it from being too form revealing. This oasis in the desert was actually taken on the back lot of Twentieth Century-Fox

MYSTERIES OF MOVIE MAKING

cerning the above statements, here is the lowdown:

Kay Francis never has raised her voice while shooting a picture. She has tender vocal cords—and so—a double always screams for her whenever a scream is necessary in her films!

About the bread—it's always heavily varnished before it's filmed; otherwise it doesn't look at all like the real thing on the screen!

As for eating movie shaving soap, you really can—for it is really just delightful tasting meringue from real lemon pies!

For many years, film producers have debated amongst themselves whether or not they should give away all the secrets of the trade. And they never have been able to quite decide this question: Do fans enjoy a picture better if they know all about the mechanical tricks used in making it—or if they know nothing about them?

Studios, of course, have one or two set rules, such as rarely publicizing miniature sets. On the whole, though, they can't quite figure out whether taking away the illusion of picture-making helps or hurts the box-office.

Long ago when "Hell's Angels" was first released to a waiting film world, fans began to seriously ponder over just how unusual airplane scenes were photographed so successfully. Right now, many are undoubtedly wondering about "Test Pilot." The studio, to date, has been extremely reluctant about giving out any "inside" data. Consequently, anything written about the film's trick shots, miniatures and other difficult-to-get plane sequences has been "unofficial" as far as Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's concerned.

On the other hand, Sam Goldwyn gave out in detail to the press just how he made that remarkable hurricane for his production, "Hurricane." And, furthermore, he invited queries about the film and even released plenty of photographs showing huge wind machines, water spillways to create mammoth waves and other mechanical storm brewers.

Goldwyn's theory was this: practically every fan knows that great wind storm was just a fake—just a movie trick; so why not let them see just how the trick was worked? The hurricane being the real "star" of the film prompted the Goldwyn press agent to ballyhoo it as much as any great flesh-and-blood star.

Warner Brothers had tricks galore in the making of "Submarine D1" and although they wern't explained, the film went over big.

"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" broke all records at Los Angeles' Carthay Circle theatre and probably will prove an equal sensation elsewhere. Walt Disney, its maker, not only told the public how this great production was made but even explained how it came to be conceived.

Paramount released miniatures used in "The Buccaneer" and also photographs of a miniature model of a ship used in "Ebb Tide." And a wail immediately went up from other studios. They thought Paramount's publicity department was an old meanie to thus violate an unwritten code amongst producers not to publicize miniatures.

Now, take "Lost Horizon"—tricks were many in that and the settings were gorgeously-beautiful. Fans knew the picture wasn't really filmed in far-away Tibet, but they appreciated the magnificent production nevertheless.

"In Old Chicago," many "process" shots of the celebrated fire were used, but the studio, for reasons of its own, hates to talk about them. Nothing official, either, was ever written concerning the tricky earthquake and fire scenes of "San Francisco." The same applies to "King Kong," one of the early talkies that had more mechanical secrets than a cat has fleas!

Ah, sweet mystery of picture-making in a studio studded land, where nearly everything is faked!

Where they shoot movie sunsets at sunrise, to get a better effect! Where they start photographing pictures in the middle and leave off at the beginning! Where they lacquer a young man's pants, so they'll photograph better! Where they daily do all sorts of things to amaze you! It is indeed no wonder movie-making is such a mystery to the average layman.

Even most of the "props" you see in your current pictures are more or less faked. For example, movie icicles aren't icicles at all, but just pieces of cellophane. And movie barbed wire is really quite stretchable. No wonder, either, for it's merely made out of knotted rubber bands!

The marble walls you sometimes see in films are mostly made out of paper! And real gravel in the movies makes too much noise when you walk on it, so they substitute pieces of cork for the gravel and let it go at that! On the other hand, real gravel has its use. The grass shown in most movies is just gravel sprayed a pretty shade of green! And snow, good old fashioned snow, happens to be merely whitened corn flakes!

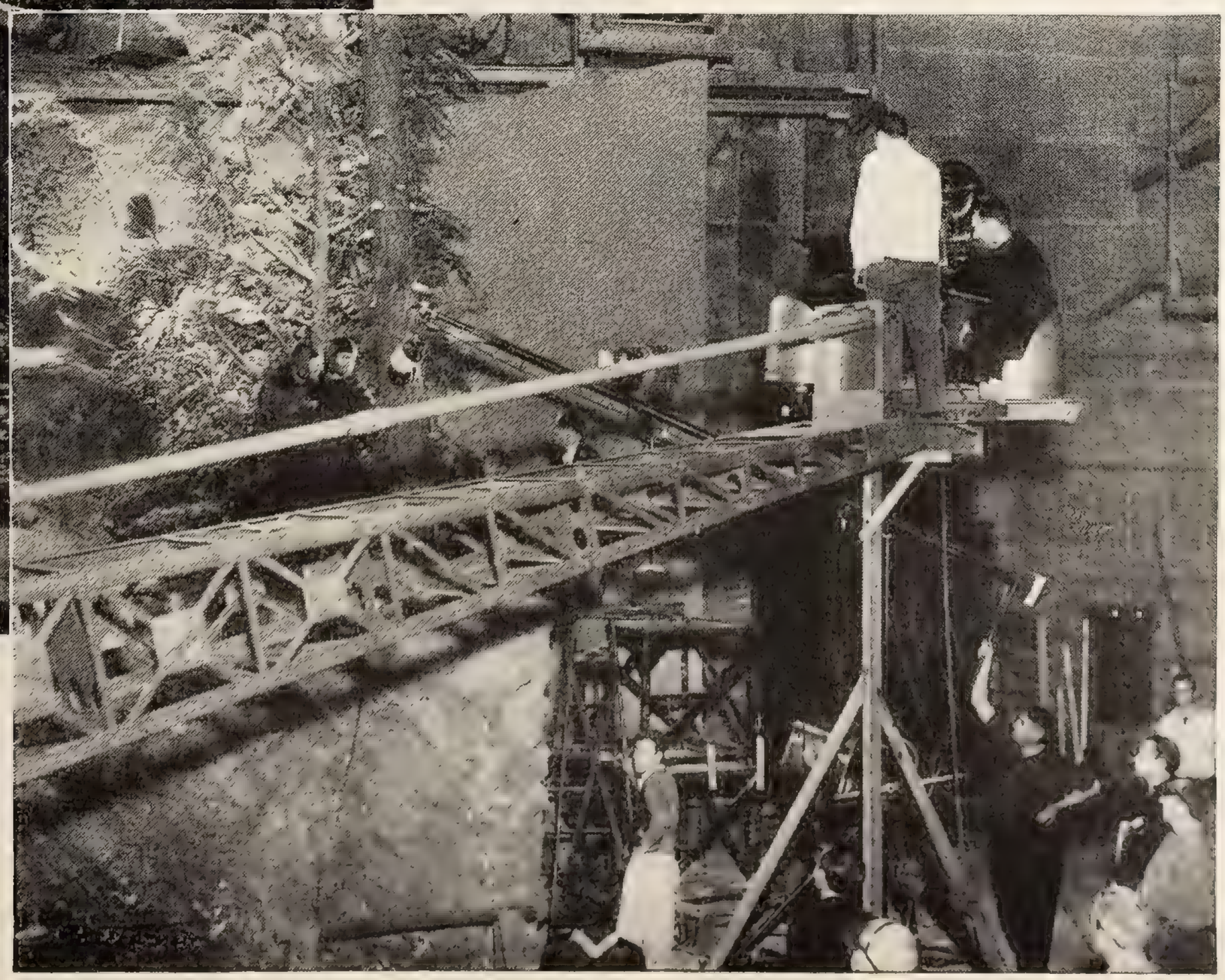
Ah, sweet mystery of film producing—where even the noises are often faked!

Yes, there are plenty of men and women in Hollywood who make a good living by being able to "let out" all manner of weird noises. Sometimes these folks are under contract to one studio. Sometimes they freelance, here, there and everywhere. Sometimes they have one "noise" at their command, sometimes a dozen and more.

One specialist gets paid a flat rate of $25 a day by the studios just for making blood-curdling laughs! Another gent makes a fine living by having at his command three noises—they are a "door creaking" noise, a "spring squeaking" noise, and a "chair groaning" noise! The studios hire him regularly.

A blonde young woman, Sarah Schwartz, makes a neat income by screaming! She did loads of work in

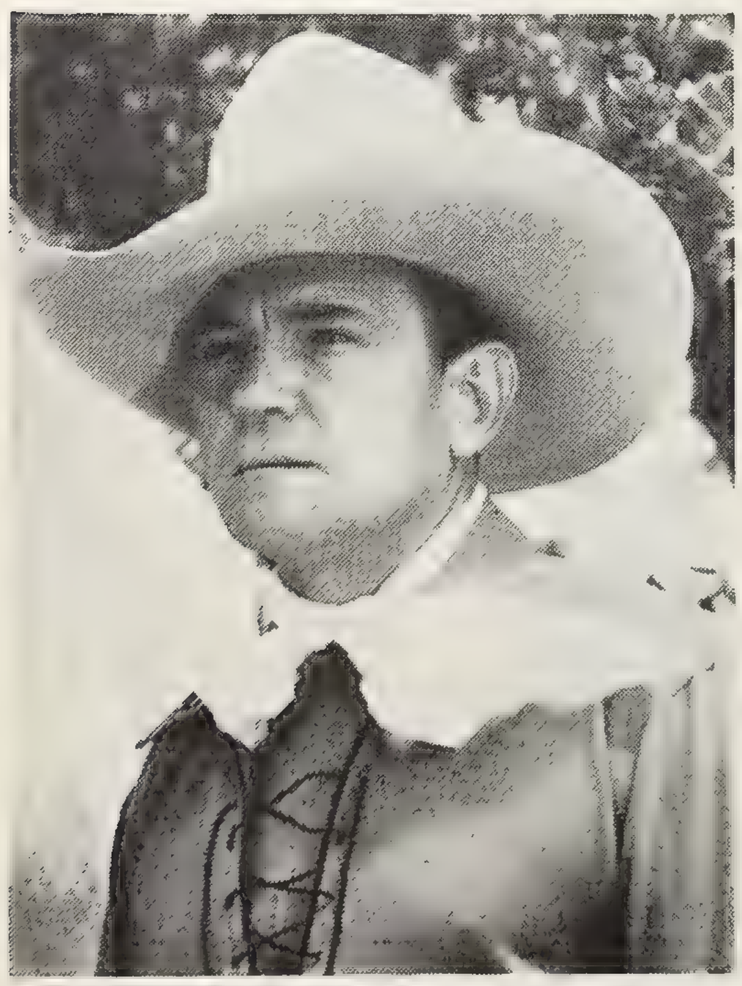
[*Continued on page 72*]



Here we have the ground crew watching closely while aviators Richard Dix and Chester Morris are wrecked on a papier-maché mountain fastness. Scene from "Northern Flight."

Joel McCrea was once a stand-in.

Edward Arnold has a reputation for generosity.



Buck Jones started his career as a double and stand-in.

"The Camera Focuses On Me, They Group The Lights Around Me, But When Everything Is Ready I Step Down."

TRUE STORY OF CARY GRANT'S STAND-IN

By Malcolm Merrihugh
As Told To
Ed Churchill

THREE years ago, shortly after I'd come to Hollywood to make good as an actor, I got work standing in for Cary Grant. The wife of one of the top executives came on the set. I saw that she was watching me as I stood under the lights and microphone and before the camera for Cary. Finally, she had a man she knew call me to her.

"You've got the looks of successful material," she said. "You have a smart appearance. You shouldn't be standing in."

She asked me a lot of questions. I told her that I'd had a couple of years of college, and that I'd played semi-pro baseball, and that I wanted to be on the screen. She finally told me:

"I'm sure you can make the grade. I'm going to get you a screen test."

And so I was tested. Dialogue and photographic. After that, I waited. One day I was told:

"It's a matter of days. You're in. It's just a matter of signing the contract."

I'm telling you, I was pretty hot and bothered. My wife, who was then my bride, was all excited, too. We were both looking forward to my career—when there was a shake-up at the studio and a new regime came in. I didn't hear any more about the test.

But I didn't get discouraged. I still figured that a stand-in had a chance to become an actor. I still do. And I'm going to become one. I'm only 26 years old, and I'm learning things all the time.

Hollywood is a heart-breaking place. Only you can't let it get to your heart. I just take the big moments in my stride and let it go at that. Not long ago when Cary and I were making "The Awful Truth" my agent got me a test at Universal. I was told over there that I was promising material, and that I'd go far.

"And we'll start you at fifty dollars a week," I was told.

I didn't sign the contract for a lot of reasons. One is that when you start that low, the chances are one hundred to one against you. Another angle is that I'm getting around more as it is. And I'm getting more money than that.

There have been other highlights.

I remember "So Red The Rose," with Margaret Sullavan. I was her disappointed suitor. I knew I had lost. So I played a scene with her in which I toasted her future happiness with champagne. The boys said

Hopeful 26 year old Malcolm Merrihugh. So far the score is No Runs, No Hits, No Errors. (Extreme left) Mrs. Merrihugh. (Left) David Ross Merrihugh, three years old and still free lancing.

(Above) Cary Grant and Malcolm. (Above, left) He tells Joan Bennett about his life as a professional ball player.

I did pretty well—the fellows around the set. But the whole sequence was killed and I went out of the picture with it.

Right now, I've got the steam up again. Columbia's going to make "Golden Boy," the story of a prize-fighter. The script calls for a fellow who has enough of an athletic background to look like one. I've had baseball, basketball and football. Also, the fellow has to look a trifle foreign, and as if he could play a violin. A lot of people think they'll get the role, and I'm one.

I'll find out in a few weeks. Waiting makes life interesting.

If that doesn't work, there's another chance. One of the lads who was getting the build-up in westerns at Republic—just as Gene Autry did—was injured. They're looking for a man to take his place. I can ride. So my name's on that list.

Rosy dreams, these. But, right now, I'm still stand-in for Cary Grant; we've done Columbia's "Holiday," and "Gunga Din" is in the offing. You have to keep your feet on the ground.

A lot of people have the idea that a stand-in just goes in front of the lights and the camera while things are being adjusted, while the star gets a breath of fresh air and a chance to relax. That isn't half of it. We're known as junior members of the Screen Actors' Guild and we get a minimum of $35 a week—but that's only a very small part of it.

A good stand-in takes care of his principal's make-up box, his principal's make-up, his clothes, sees that they're pressed and hung properly, checks the assistant director to find out when the star is working, sees that he's at work, keeps the dressing room orderly, makes and breaks dates on the telephone, does secretarial work, acts as a companion, runs errands, sees that certain people come on and off the set, and does everything in general.

The star gets his stand-in better than the wage minimum and, when the stand-in works for the star, puts a little more in the pay envelope. Grant's a swell fellow when it comes to that extra help.

The star has more responsibility than the stand-in, but the stand-in works harder.

I've been trying to get a break in Hollywood ever since I first got my job with Cary. And Cary is doing everything possible to see that I get it.

Why am I in Hollywood, and why do I work as a stand-in? It started in Tonganoxie, Kansas, population 2000. I was born there, the date was May 12, 1912, went to

[*Continued on page* 73]

The Box Office Successes Of Today Borrow Their Themes From People Who Work And Play Even As You And I.

In "Black Legion," a story of Pennsylvania coal miners, Humphrey Bogart registered an unforgettable message of despair which must have "gone home" to many similar workers. (Right) In "Vivacious Lady" James Stewart convinced us that all college professors are not the "heavy thinkers" they are cracked up to be.

IT'S all right for the nation's cartoonists to keep on showing vox populi being socked over the head with the vested interests' "big stick," or staggering patiently under the burden of outlandish governmental taxes, because all of this is true enough but if you think there is no appreciation of the common folk—people like you and me—in this country, you don't know your movies.

Just to chase away that "oh, my gosh, this is going to be one of those highbrow articles on social problems in the cinema" look on your face, allow me to say at once that no attempt will be made here to discuss socialogical or controversial subjects.

Nevertheless, the purpose of this piece is to show that the movies, which have always been an entertainment for the people have now also become an entertainment of the people. Don't let that frighten you, either, because it's not really as serious as it sounds. It is merely a spring board from which to prove convincingly and with—I hope—interesting examples that the little fellow with his problems is now getting a break in the movie spotlight.

As a matter of fact, in one way he's been getting a break for a long time as far as the movies are concerned, because nowhere else has it been as easy for a complete unknown to skyrocket to fame and fortune as in Hollywood, the wonderland where today's secretary or manicurist may become tomorrow's star

These are your Arleen Whelans, your Dick Powells, your Leslie Howards, your William Powells, your Kay Francises, your Janet Gaynors, your Jean Arthurs, your Frances Farmers, your Margaret Tallichets, your Norma Shearers, your Joan Crawfords, your Clark Gables—the little fellows with little beginnings who have become worldwide personalities, whose success stories help make the movies rich in color, romance and glamour.

But even more important than that, however, is the fact that the movies are now glorifying the very people they have repeatedly catapulted from lowly beginnings to undreamed of heights — the glamourless clerks, stenographers, taxi drivers, gobs in the navy, buck privates in the army, farmers, airplane pilots, maids, butlers, firemen, policemen—in short, the average American.

There was a time when people went to the movies to get away from their own hum-drum existence, when the films were an escape from realities. And to a very large degree they still are. But the day of the old-fashioned Prince Charming who came along and married the pretty little Cinderella is gone. Why? Because, if I may be permitted a guess, the majority of the people who make up the movie audiences have become interested in seeing *themselves* as they are, have become interested in their own daily problems and how other people like them react under similar circumstances.

All right, then, I'm half cracked. But let's stop generalizing and get down to facts. Of course, I'm willing to admit that the producers of what might be called these home-spun pictures are smart enough to hex audiences by casting all their glamour

Farmers' daughters all over the land are beginning to sit up and take notice of themselves now that Myrna Loy played one of their ilk in "Test Pilot."

SUPER PICTURES FROM SIMPLE LIVES!

By William Boehnel

(Above) Preston Foster, in "The Lady In The Morgue," shows another, more interesting, side to the hard-boiled character of a detective. "Boys' Town" brings the exceptional talent of Spencer Tracy to the kindly character of a priest.

boys and girls in the leading roles, and I'm willing to admit, further, that you'd seldom see a stenographer like Ginger Rogers, a farmer's daughter like Myrna Loy or Loretta Young, a politician like Tyrone Power or an airplane pilot like Clark Gable. But then what movie fan wouldn't like to be hexed by some one like Ginger Rogers or Loretta Young or Myrna Loy or Clark Gable or Tyrone Power. Movie fans are no dopes.

These are a few examples of the movie industry's current tendency to make film entertainment of the people as well as for the people, a tendency that emphasizes the most incredible types as heroes and heroines, including band leaders like Fred MacMurray in "Cocoanut Grove," a welfare worker like Humphrey Bogart in "Crime School," a press agent like Don Ameche in "Happy Landing," a tough, realistic detective like Preston Foster in "The Lady in the Morgue," a maid like Fay Bainter in "White Banners," a salesgirl like Maureen O'Sullivan in "Hold That Kiss," a simple country girl like Anne Shirley in "Mother Carey's Chickens."

I repeat, the movie producers are pretty smart. So smart in fact that they have most of their foreign competitors pop-eyed with admiration at their courage to make the Joe Doakes' and Sally Smiths their heroes and heroines along with the everyday topics they use for their plots. Where else but in Hollywood, for example, would you find a movie producer who had the courage to make a picture with six enlisted men as the heroes instead of officers as Metro did in "Yellow Jack?" Sure, they glamorized it a bit by having Robert Montgomery play one of the men and they helped along the interest considerably by having him in love with blonde Virginia Bruce. But, essentially, it was the story of the bravery of six average young men, six John Joneses who helped Major Walter Reed's war against the stegomyia.

Or what Warner Brothers did to glorify the enlisted men in the submarine service in "Submarine D-1." Here again the emphasis was placed on the part the plain, ordinary gobs play in the operation of a submarine, and, along with the fact that it was informative, showing how the ships submerge and the methods of rescue, it was also told in language and situations that the average man in the audience understood and appreciated, since he might have been any one of the men pictured.

You wouldn't think a taxi driver would make a very romantic hero, would you? And yet that is exactly what the protagonist of "Big City" was—a taxi driver, striving to make a living like any other taxi driver, and becoming involved in a labor war when a large taxi corporation tried to drive him and other independents like him out of business. Always faithful to the idiom of the men it dealt with, the film further made an attempt, however half-hearted, to protest against labor racketeers. But the important thing is that it presented characters and situations the average audience knew were real and important.

The college professor is usually presented as a comic character, an absent-minded, elderly gentleman, who is forever forgetting his inevitable umbrella or rubbers or muffler. Certainly as most of us picture him he is hardly a glamorous figure. And yet in "I Met My Love Again," and in a more comic vein in "Bringing Up Baby," and "Vivacious Lady," the professor was presented as pretty much a normal, human being, who experienced all the emotions common to most average people. Of course the professors in these films were played by Henry Fonda, Cary Grant and James Stewart, thereby definitely adding to the interest in the characters. But even so there was enough in the general characterization to show that professors are pretty much like other people and that they, too, have their moments.

Another character who is usually a comic one is the farmer's daughter, because nearly everyone thinks of her as a giggling, gawky, apple-faced damsel with the hay sticking out from behind her ears. But what did Myrna Loy do with the part once the producers decided to make a Kansas farm bred young lady the heroine of "Test Pilot?" She made her just like a lot of farmer's daughters really are—attractive, intelligent, understanding, a good sport, capable of great love and with a sense of humor and a will and spirit of her own.

The average stenographer, who pounds away at a typewriter day in and day out and longs dreamily of the two weeks vacation that is her due after fifty weeks of dictation and typing, hardly sounds like a character that would appeal to audiences as the heroine of a film. But even discounting the fact that the typist in "Having Wonderful Time" is played by Ginger Rogers, she is presented in a manner that countless thousands of other young ladies like her will understand. Her problems are the problems of the majority of typists in the audience because they are human problems—of ambition, and desire for romance and marriage. Teddy Shaw is like countless thousands of other vacationists at thou-

sands of other summer camps.

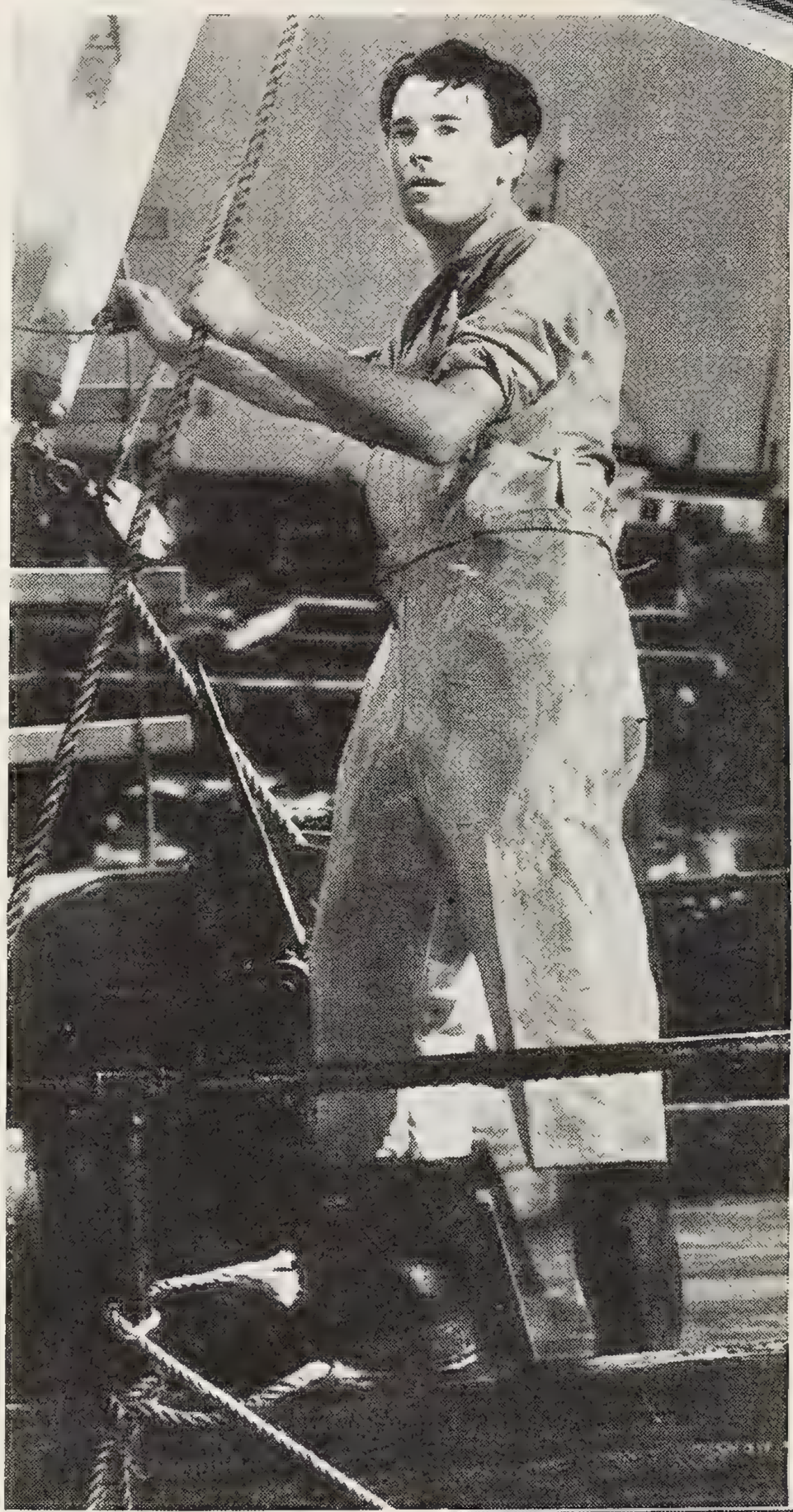
In the old days if some one suggested making a Portuguese fisherman the hero of a film, the chances are he would have been banished in disgrace from Hollywood. And yet Manuel, as presented by Spencer Tracy in "Captains Courageous," was as real and understandable and human and lovable in his simple, direct, kind, hot-headed way as if he had been the dashing captain of a sumptuous yacht. And in the end he died the way thousands of fishermen who saw him on the screen probably want to die—at sea, doing their jobs.

You'd hardly expect that a young mill hand, married and a father, would make a romantic or interesting figure for screen audiences and yet the way Humphrey Bogart projected him in "Black Legion," was something that everybody who saw it could understand, especially his disappointment because a fellow worker received the promotion he was expecting and how this disappointment changed him into a bitter, vengeful man who joined a hooded legion out of spite. Such things strike home because they reflect truthfully what has happened to a lot of home-loving, ambitious young men who have fallen easy prey to lawless secret organizations the country over.

And an old couple, faced with the poorhouse because their children don't want them and because they are unable to look after themselves, are definitely not the hero and heroine one would choose to see if seeking release in the cinema from one's own problems. And yet such people exist and millions of sons and daughters who saw Beulah Bondi and Victor Moore in "Make Way For Tomorrow" are faced with a similar problem as the one presented in this picture, which struck home because it stemmed from something every one can understand and sympathize with.

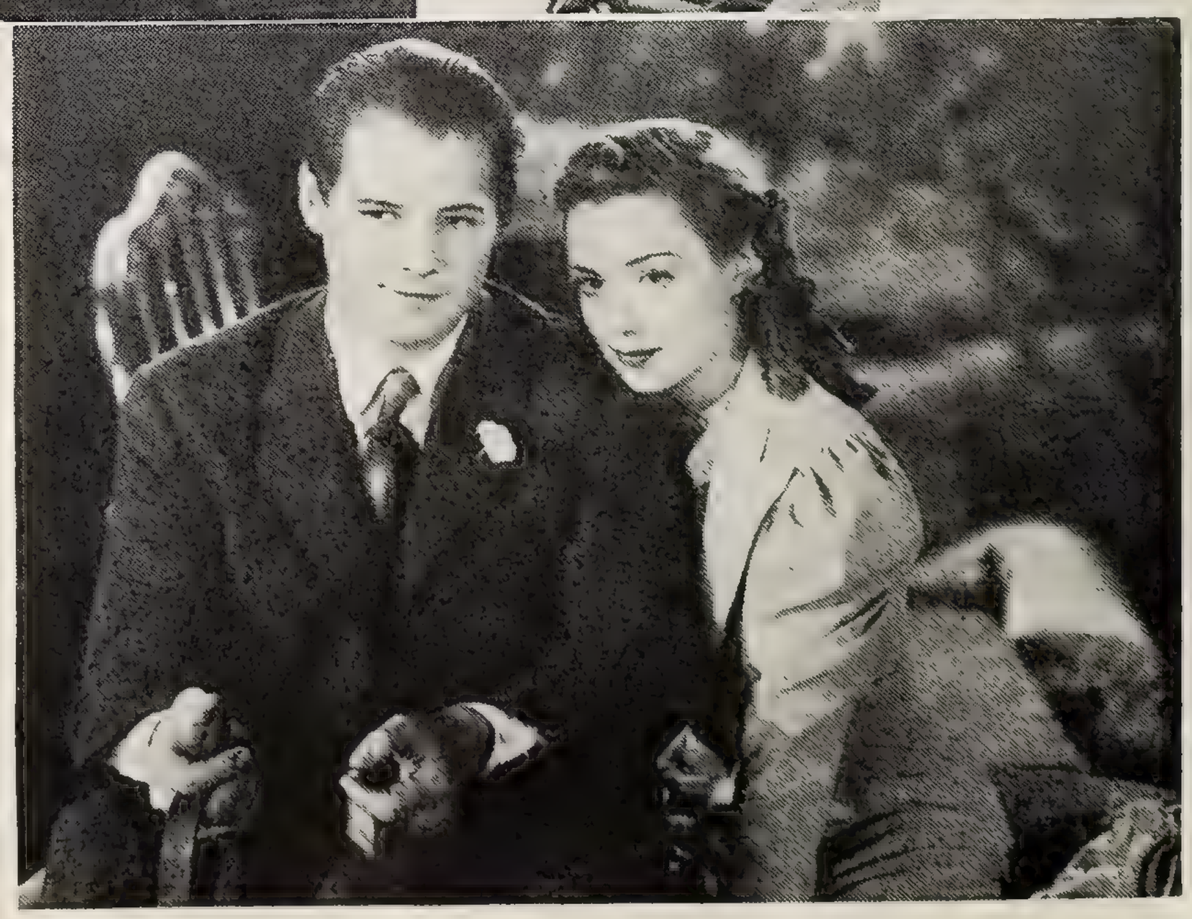
These are a few examples of the movie industry's current tendency to make film entertainment of the people as well as for the people. And why? Because, fundamentally, for all their glamour and sheen, the films are a reflection of what is happening in the world today. And today, as it really always has been, it is the average man and woman who is making things happen. It is this emotional truth which makes a film gripping and interesting.

Not only are the people of the middle classes the ones who dream of wonderful things to come, they actually work and risk all to make these dreams come true. An unknown French chemist, Marie Curie, became fascinated by what radium could do for humanity, and, with her husband, devoted her life to perfecting it. A young mail pilot, Charles A. Lindbergh, fired with ambition to reduce the distance between the old and the new worlds, flew unheralded to New York in his plane and a few days later, while the press of the country still blazed the name of Commander Byrd across its front pages, flew the Atlantic more concerned about his letters of introduction than about the risks and dangers involved. A mechanic with his own hands made the first tin lizzie—the Ford—and changed the ways and thoughts of a nation—indeed, the world.



But why continue? It's the common folk who are hitting all the jackpots as the favored characters in the movies today, because, out of their dreams and hopes, joys and sorrows and heart-warming romances in real life, they are the ones who are accomplishing real things and the movies are portraying what they have done because it it this kind of struggle and ambition that the audiences know and appreciate.

(Below) Loretta Young was in the chicken business in "Three Blind Mice." (Bottom) James Ellison and Anne Shirley in "Mother Carey's Chickens" bring you right back to the simple life of a small town.



(Top) The courage and reckless spirit of some of our famous aviators is caught by Clark Gable in his many roles as a pilot. (Center) Even the humble fishermen get a break, as witness Henry Fonda in this scene from "Spawn Of The North."

Gary Cooper and Binnie in "The Adventures of Marco Polo."

In "Three Blind Mice," with David Niven.

Matt McHugh, Binnie, Dorothy Lamour and a bit player in "Tropic Holiday."

THEY still have the Thames over there, swirling along under London Bridge, and The Embankment and The Strand are there too, but we have about the nicest part of London Town over here.

Before 1934, Binnie was well-known on the English musical comedy stage. But after she came to Hollywood she was cast in "heavy" parts until one day William A. Seiter, the director of "Three Blind Mice," gave her a comedy part. And wow! Did Binnie *show them!*

TO BINNIE BARNES

(Below, left) With Herbert Marshall in "Always Goodbye." (Below) A scene from her latest picture "The Gateway," showing Don Ameche and Albert Conti.

Miliza Korjus will be seen in "The Great Waltz." At right is part of the opera sequence in the drama of the life of Johann Strauss.

(Above) May Beatty, Frances Dee and Ronald Colman in "If I Were King." (Right) Loretta Young and some members of the cast in "Suez."

(Above) Joan Bennett and Randolph Scott dressed as "The Texan" pioneers dressed. (Right) Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in "Carefree," another dancing number in their success parade.

WHICH PICTURE GETS YOUR MONEY?

In "Too Hot To Handle," Clark Gable and Myrna Loy are once more in a story of our own times. Leave the dishes and come on.

Do Costumes Drive You Away?

WE READ of the millions that "Conquest" cost, but the audiences were not record breaking. Garbo and Boyer are two of the screen's best players and yet something had stolen their "draw." "Test Pilot" made a great success. Myrna Loy and Clark Gable were the leading players but "Parnell" had the same popular favorites and it flopped.

We suspect that our enthusiasm for the days of the long ago is lukewarm. However, there is no pleasanter way to learn history, and how can we appreciate our own benefits unless we know the preceding centuries for contrast?

So bring on the times of Johann Strauss, of Francois Villon and the Empress Eugenie. We will ride the plains with "The Texans," too, but let's hurry back in time to see Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in "Carefree" and Sonja Henie in "My Lucky Star."

"My Lucky Star" is a swell title for Sonja Henie's picture. Her costume will hardly be noticed, for it is as modern as tomorrow.

ALWAYS
FOR A

When You See Certain Names Mentioned In The Cast, Consider Your Vest Buttons!

Lola Lane and Frank McHugh. It must be calf love if those are cowslips. From "Four Daughters." (Right) Charles Winninger, Dick Powell and Melville Cooper in "For Lovers Only."

"Charliemccarthy," Edgar Bergen, George Murphy and Rita Johnson in "Letter of Introduction." Poor Bergen. He does the work, but Murphy gets the knee action.

ACTORS who can cast a spell of gloom over you, practically turning your hair white and causing you to wear your teeth down to the nerve, what with gnashing and clenching—they are all right. They are Tragedy's Children and theirs is a sad existence. But what of the merry Andrews, the comical fellows? Their names are linked in your memories with moments when they had you roaring with laughter. Just the thought of their humor warms you and you reach for your half dollar and make for the box-office. "Anyhow," you think, "*he'll* be worth seeing."

That is *reputation.*

It's worth as much to the actor as Sterling on silver or the karat mark on gold.

Scene from "Men With Wings." Ray Milland and James Burke, with Andy Devine in the middle. His squeaky voice is the funniest noise since sound pictures broke the silence.

GOOD LAUGH

(Right) Minna Gombell and Hugh Herbert seeing "The Great Waltz" or maybe "Suzy Q." (Left) Raymond Walburn and Marjorie Gateson in "The Gateway." Evidently a good gag has just come through.

In "Little Miss Broadway," Edna Mae Oliver is getting Donald Meek all balled up.

(Above) the Ritz Brothers in "Straight, Place and Show." They're in the money—the screwball handicap. (Left) Jack Arnold, Jack Oakie, Anthony Warde and Lucille Ball in "I'm From The City," another comedy that's Oakie-dokey.

Autumn Is Coming!

A Preview Of Tailored Fashions For Out-Of-Doors That Will Make "The Windy Lights Of Autumn Flare" More Buoyantly For You.

WHEN you are young and happy how quickly the seasons roll around. Why, it seems only yesterday that I was telling you what to wear during the "dog days," and now the fall season has begun. From a fashion standpoint only, of course.

Even if you are not so young, and not so happy, just the idea of planning out and purchasing a new wardrobe will add zest to your spirits. I have seen the most bored women completely metamorphosed when bent on a shopping spree.

And so, just glance at these early cool weather outfits, as modeled by the glamorous Hollywood players, and see if they do not give you an idea for your own.

(Left) For these days with the first chill in the air June Travis dons a "jumper" dress of supple wool jersey in a lovely wood-violet tone, the short-sleeved blouse of which is striped with white and the circular skirt stitch-pleated. (Right) An interesting white wool sweater embroidered in green, yellow and red, and worn by Sonja Henie, would raise the spirits of any college freshman. (Above) Norma Shearer looks like a lady out of a Russian drama in her black ribbed wool turban, shaped to the forehead and held on the head with a band of wool.

(Left to Right) Attractive Jane Bryan demonstrates how fetching the simplest sports clothes can be. First, she wears a black gored black broadcloth skirt with a cream-toned slip-over sweater blouse topped by a brilliant Kelly green wool coat. Next, the same sweater is combined with a grey wool skirt with kick pleat, and a bolero of striped grey and red wool. Third, white stripes on smooth chocolate brown kasha, with a white kasha collar, makes this suited to September days when the sun shines warm and bright. And, fourth, a snugly fitted jacket suit of rich maroon English tweed which will come in handy later under a short fur sports coat.

(Above) "Bring on your rain," says Deanna Durban who looks too cute for words in this slate blue silk rubber raincoat and hat with the tricky white polka dots. L. to R. Ellen Drew in a flared three-quarter length tweed coat checked in terra cotta and chartreuse, with terra cotta suede collar and wrap around skirt of suede and hat to match. For travel Ginger Roger chooses this three-piece suit of mannish Oxford grey material with fitted jacket and Chesterfield topcoat deftly striped in a lighter grey. Marie Wilson smiles happily in a two-piece dress of light-weight wool in a lovely amethyst shade, accented with a pleated ruff of ecru chiffon. Her accessories are of black antelope.

(Continued on next page)

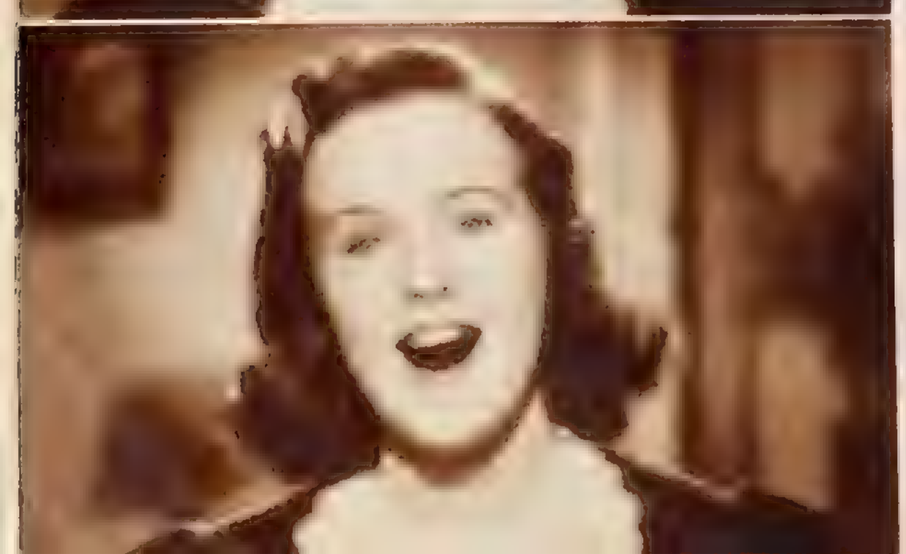
Extremely smart is this costume of rosy beige wool worn above by Wendy Barrie. The dress has what is known as excellent "line" arrangement. It is cut diagonally and fastens toward the side, and boasts a short bolero jacket with sable sleeves. (Any smooth, less expensive fur could be substituted). Two clips of simulated diamonds and rubies accent the jacket and a brown and mustard velvet hat and brown accessories add the final note. (Next) Barbara O'Neill's less lavish ensemble is equally as fetching. The short box coat is of brilliant red wool, and is worn with a simple white silk blouse and a high-waisted black wool skirt. A black felt hat with white silk cord and black accessories carry out the color scheme. (Next) Here's that old favorite, Irene Rich, in a cleverly cut navy wool crepe street dress with pleated vest and cuffs of pearl grey silk crepe. The tri-corner turban is of matching grey felt. Her accessories are navy.

(Right) Wendy Barrie will find this ensemble correct for street wear now and equally correct under a winter coat later on. The "knuckle length" coat of rich hunter's green crepe has a unique scroll design in biscuit colored crepe and is worn over a slim skirted frock with draped bodice of matching biscuit colored crepe. Her off-the-face green felt beret is banded with velvet in a slightly more delicate shade of green.

Ensembles That Will Make Their Wearers The Cynosure Of All Eyes Whether Worn For Lunch, Cocktails Or Informal Dinners.

Hedy Lamarr, the new Continental importation, looks particularly luscious in this gracefully draped and fitted two-toned coat of black and electric blue duvetyn. The long sleeves are bell-shaped and the belted blouse is banded with the black material. Her charmingly draped turban is of electric blue silk crepe with a scarf that can be thrown around the throat.

Above are three short fur coats suited to the season. At left, Wendy Barrie models a short black skunk jacket, with bracelet length sleeves and very simple neckline. Wendy wears the white pique collar of her dress outside to relieve the blackness. Her black felt Russian turban is also banded in white. (Center) Moleskin dyed a beautiful bronze green, fashions this striking coat worn by Ellen Drew. It has a wide shoulder line and full elbow-length sleeves. A belt of green velvet with a buckle of malachite adds an important detail. Ellen's infinitesimal hat is of brown and so are her shoes. Elbow length gloves are necessary with this ensemble. Danielle Darrieux likes this hip length box coat of Safari brown Alaska sealskin, with matching turban. It has a tuxedo collar and the very popular bracelet length sleeves. Her skirt is of smoke-blue tweed, and her blouse of soft wool jersey in beige.



MOVIE-ETTES

(Top) Shades of little Caesar! Who'd have thought that Edward G. Robinson would become a jitterbug? But here he is doing his stuff with Wendy Barrie. (Center) Bonita Granville learns that only the toes may be in the stirrup, the reins must be *so*. And then, Bucky Bonita rides again. (Left) Deanna Durbin sings for her supper; and who could say NO! (Right) Frank Morgan's juggling leads to calamity. "But," says Frank, "you must take the bitters with the sweet."

(Continued on next page)

(Left) All tired out looking at pictures of those movies muggs. So Lloyd Nolan shaves and scrubs and grabs a sandwich. He'll have iced coffee, too, if Rover controls himself. And then off to the movies! (Above) Some stars ride their hobbies, but Fred MacMurray's hobby is his shop, where he makes gift furniture for his friends. He thinks he's as good as Chippendale—well Hepplewhite, anyhow.

When Fred Astaire drives he drives all over. His educated feet balance his weight to give sock to his club. Every muscle co-ordinates—in other words Fred puts Swing into golf.

HER APPLICATION BELONGS DOWN THERE!

Then Ruth learned why..

THEN SUSIE TOLD RUTH THAT PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDERTHINGS WAS KILLING HER CHANCES. RUTH BEGAN USING LUX AND . . . .

Avoid Offending

Girls who "get ahead" in business are always dainty. They Lux undies after *each* wearing. Lux removes perspiration odor—guards colors.

Avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali. Lux has no harmful alkali Safe in water, safe in Lux! Buy the economical *big* box.

—for underthings

And Then They Got A Break

Some Regulars Who Grabbed Their Long Awaited Chance And Scored.

Lewis Stone. (Below) In a scene from the latest Judge Hardy picture, "Love Finds Andy Hardy," with Cecilia Parker.

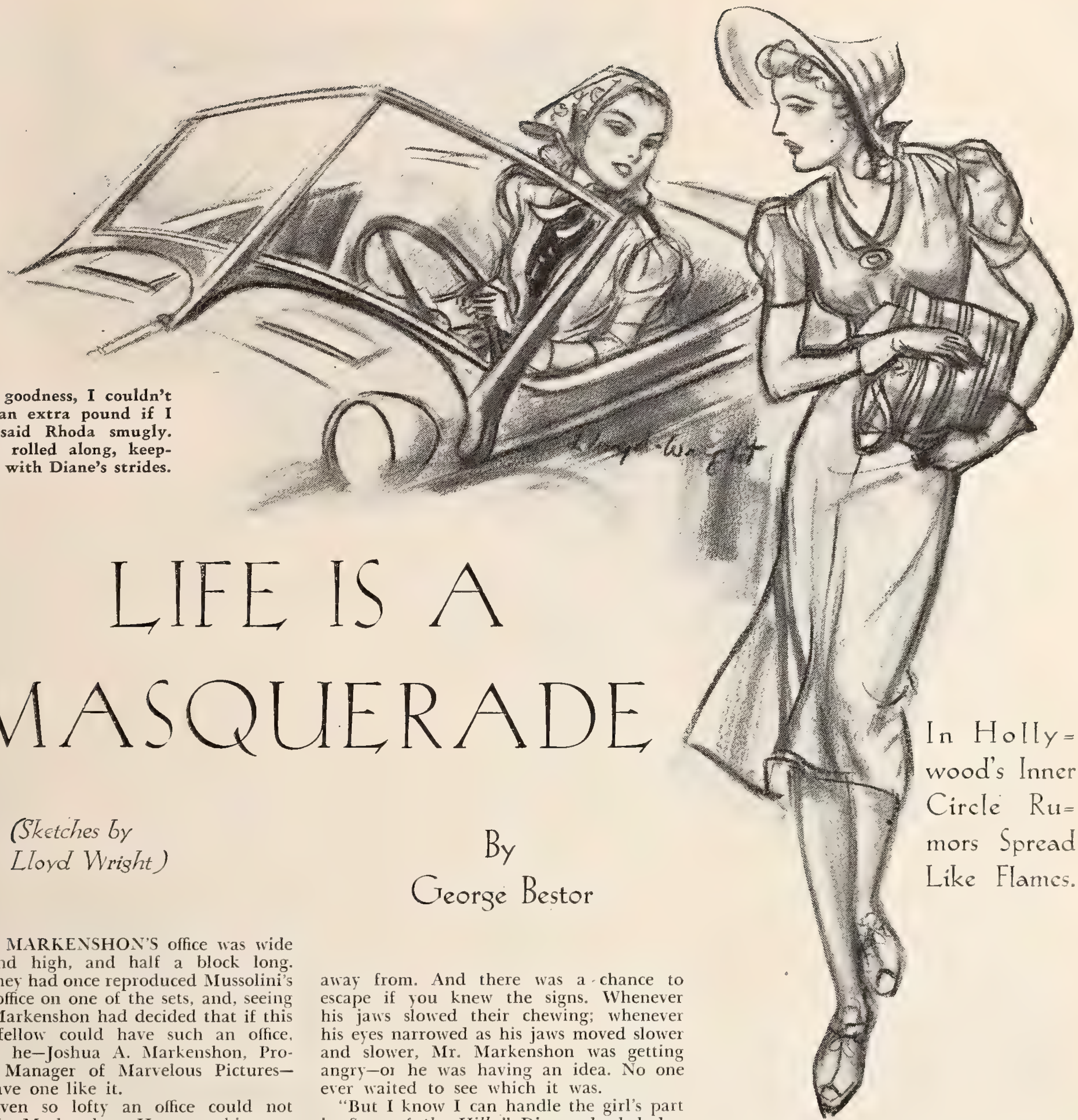
IT IS not enough just to have years of experience to draw upon. In order to command attention a player must be cast in a role that makes demands upon him in an outstanding manner. Then he may be suddenly jolted into the open and capture the attention of every member of the audience.

Lewis Stone's career is a splendid example. He has given many fine characterizations in the past, but his recent Judge Hardy portrayals so endeared him to the public that his producers are casting him in more and better roles all the time.

Fay Bainter and Lew Ayres have each waited for their chance and when the moment came, both of them, unheralded, drew the spotlight of the world's attention.

(Below) Lew Ayres. (Corner) With Cary Grant and Doris Nolan in "Holiday." Lew took the difficult rôle of a rich young drinker and played it with finely controlled comedy, but in brief moments he gave the character the shrewd dignity of tragedy.

(Above) Fay Bainter. (Right) In "White Banners" the crucial moments were marked by the combined force and reserve of Miss Bainter's art. With James Stephenson and Claude Rains.



"Thank goodness, I couldn't put on an extra pound if I tried," said Rhoda smugly. Her car rolled along, keeping pace with Diane's strides.

LIFE IS A MASQUERADE

In Hollywood's Inner Circle Rumors Spread Like Flames.

(Sketches by Lloyd Wright)

By George Bestor

MR. MARKENSHON'S office was wide and high, and half a block long. They had once reproduced Mussolini's famous office on one of the sets, and, seeing it, Mr. Markenshon had decided that if this Italian fellow could have such an office, certainly he—Joshua A. Markenshon, Production Manager of Marvelous Pictures—could have one like it.

But even so lofty an office could not dwarf Mr. Markenshon. He was a big man with a flat chest and a tremendous stomach. His head was large even for those shoulders, and his scant hair left a wide, high forehead, smooth as pink marble. When Mr. Markenshon sat, his victim, standing, was hypnotized by that vast pink stretch; it was such a long way from the high thin hair to the low thick brows. When Mr. Markenshon stood—he stood now—his victim's gaze was held—as Diane Loring's terrified gaze was held now—by his rhythmically moving jaws, chewing, chewing, chewing, like boulders crushing.

Mr. Markenshon always chewed gum. Some said it was gum-chewing that had put him where he was, for, after an hour of his unwinking stare, after an hour of his chewing, chewing, chewing, a stone would sweat blood. Why, some said of him— But that was probably just rumor. You know how those things grow.

It wasn't all rumor, though, as anyone in Hollywood could tell you. No one Diane knew had ever seen Mr. Markenshon angry; but everyone knew someone who had almost been killed by him. "It's a sort of fit," some said. "He has to be forcibly restrained," said others. "It's pathological." They all agreed it was something to keep away from. And there was a chance to escape if you knew the signs. Whenever his jaws slowed their chewing; whenever his eyes narrowed as his jaws moved slower and slower, Mr. Markenshon was getting angry—or he was having an idea. No one ever waited to see which it was.

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On the long walk home she kept repeating to herself: "Twenty six—and a has-been! I can't even get an extra's job, when five years ago they were fighting to pay me two thousand dollars a week."

"Want a lift?" Rhoda Creel slowed her green twin-six roadster: Rhoda Creel who had been an extra in Diane's last picture but who was now a star—well, perhaps not of the first magnitude, but certainly of the second. And she was on the way up: ash blonde, innocent of face, she was trusting some man and suffering for it in more and more important pictures. But off the set she was as cool and brittle as ice. "You must be tired, with so much walking," she added.

"No, thanks." Diane smothered her anger with feigned nonchalance. "I need the exercise." Exercise! How she hated those long hills that she had never noticed before they repossessed her car.

"Yes, I suppose you do," agreed Rhoda. "Thank goodness, I couldn't put on an extra pound if I tried." Her car rolled along, keeping pace with Diane's strides. "Going to the Markenshon party tomorrow night?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Markenshon never forgets anyone, does she?" A little laugh. "Who's going with you?"

"You'd be surprised."

"I'm sure I would. Well, I'll be seeing you." The motor roared, and Rhoda waved a gloved hand.

No more surprised than I'd be, thought Diane. Her devoted escorts of the past had faded out of the picture, one after the other, in the past year. No one in the industry could afford to be seen with some-

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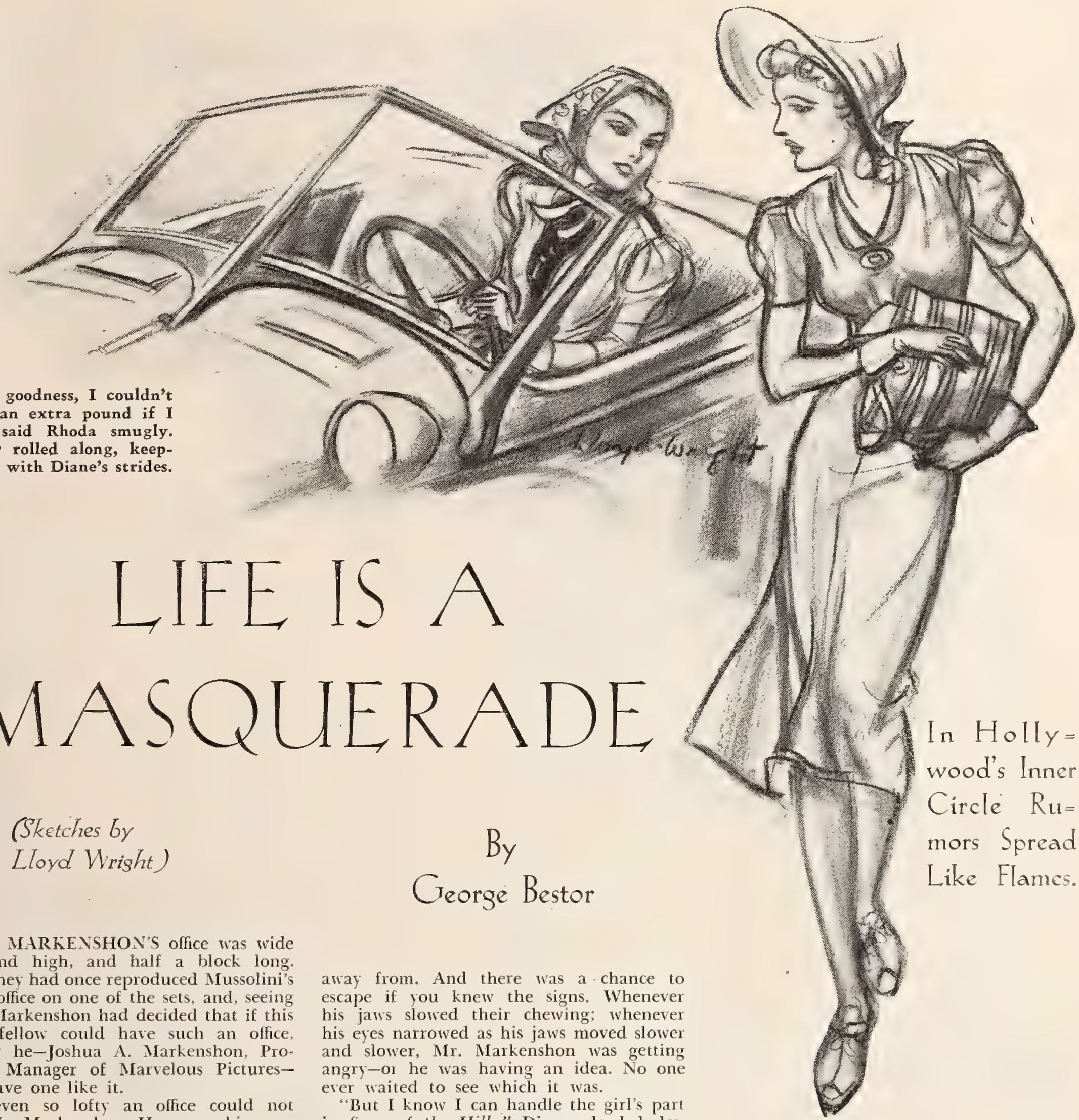

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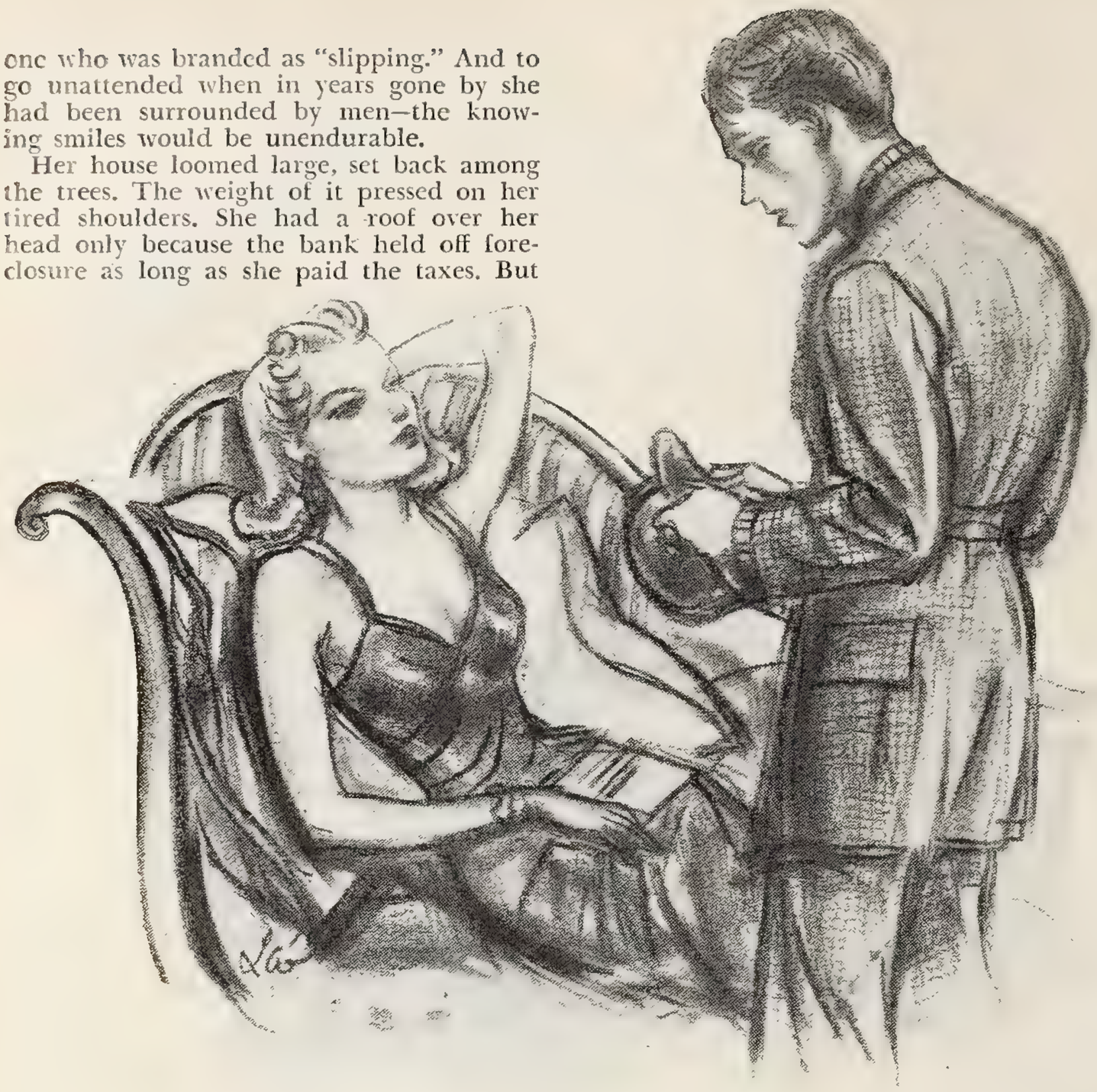
one who was branded as "slipping." And to go unattended when in years gone by she had been surrounded by men—the knowing smiles would be unendurable.

Her house loomed large, set back among the trees. The weight of it pressed on her tired shoulders. She had a roof over her head only because the bank held off foreclosure as long as she paid the taxes. But



Diane relaxed on the cushions. "So glad you came, Mr. Fink."

if a buyer came along—

The grass is getting long, she thought. I'll have to mow it after dark.

There were several letters on the hall table. She laid aside the familiar ones from stores and collection agencies; there was a single one left, addressed to her in an uneven scrawl. Fan mail had been a bore when she received bagsful daily; but when it had fallen off to five letters a day, then to one— This was the first in a month, if it was one. She tore it open quickly.

The simple praise of the first paragraph warmed her. Here was someone who still talked of her as a great actress, someone who seemed to understand what she had tried to put into her role in her last picture, and the one before.

"I'm visiting Los Angeles for a few days," the letter said, "and I wondered if, before I go home to Sediment Springs, Nevada, you'd let me call on you. I'll drop around about nine o'clock Friday evening on the chance you'll be home." It was signed "Hermann Fink."

The living room clock struck nine as Diane Loring settled herself among the cushions of the divan and reached for a book. She wore a tight, backless dress of ebony satin, earrings that touched her shoulders, heavy mascara and lipstick, and her golden-blonde hair was elaborately arranged. Perhaps the studios had no further use for sirens; but if that was what Hermann Fink had fallen for, that was what she was going to give him. She hoped he would not recognize the dress as of two seasons back; she had not had much use for that sort of thing lately.

Lissa, the colored maid, was waiting in the hall. She had entered into the spirit of the affair with enthusiasm, and had spent half an hour on Diane's hair. Lissa's last payday had been almost as long ago as Diane's, but she refused to be fired.

"Perhaps he's got a big ranch back there," Lissa had said while Diane was dressing, "and he'll marry us and take us home with him."

Diane had laughed. But Sediment Springs might be like Quartz Flat, a little mining town where she had grown up. Life was not so bad in those small towns if you were a first citizen and had a bit of money; and it would be so restful to have someone else to think about taxes and bill collectors. So restful to have a house you knew you could live in for a month or a year or as long as you liked. So restful to have friends, and not just competitors who would trample you underfoot if you lagged.

The doorbell sounded faintly in the kitchen. Lissa hurried across the hall; there was danger Hermann Fink's nerve might fail at the last moment.

"Is—" Diane heard a gruff voice say. "Is—"

"Miss Loring?"

"Yes," said the voice.

"You're Mr. Fink?"

"Yes."

"She's expecting you."

"Oh . . . thanks."

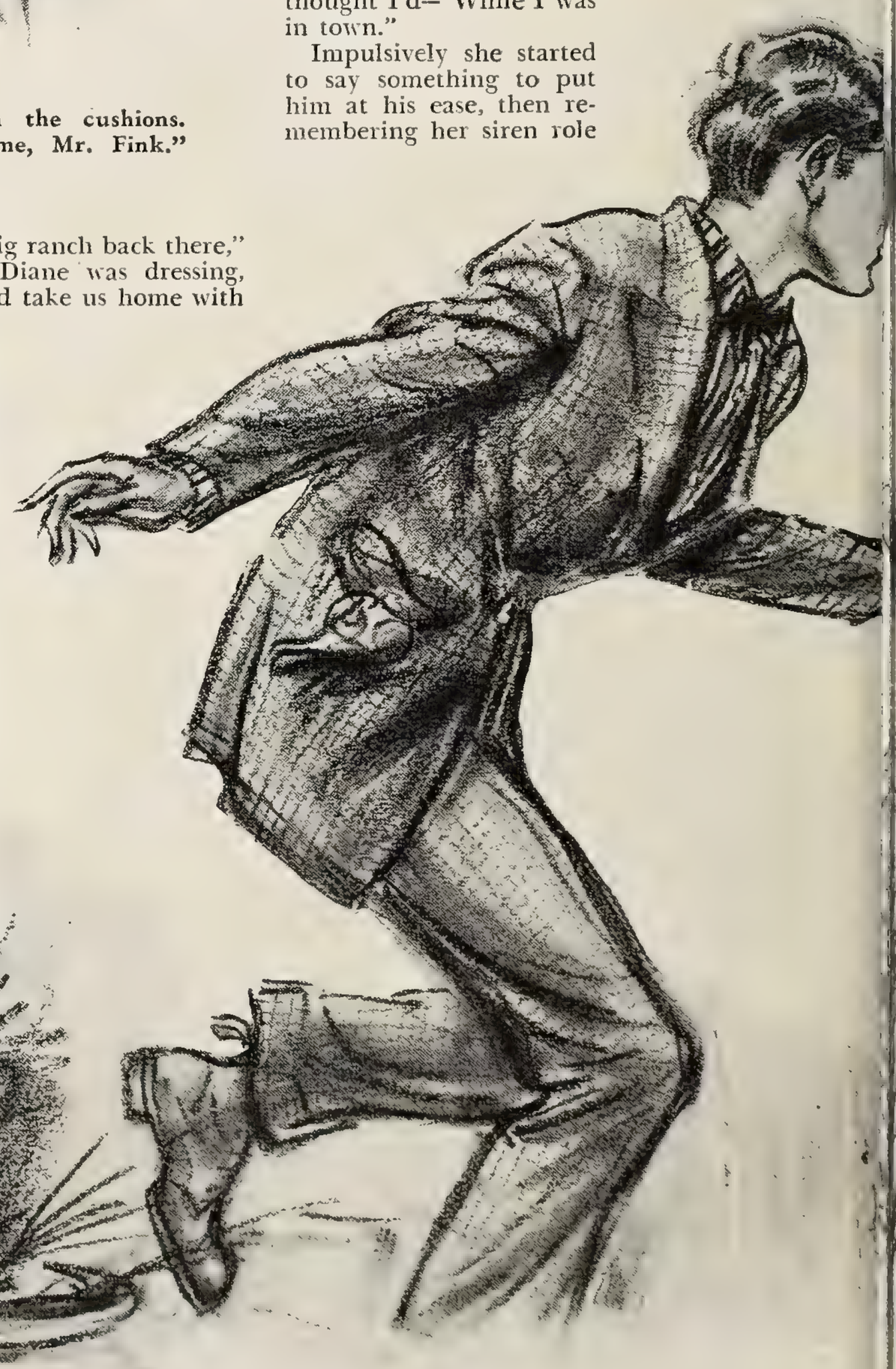
Diane tried to keep her eyes on the book. But they strayed past the corner of the page and caught a pair of yellow shoes approaching—shoes with bumpy toes that shone like mirrors. Slowly she raised her eyes—and raised them, and raised them, and raised them. They passed a pair of pin-checked trousers—very narrow, a brown waistcoat, and the collar of a striped silk shirt. Just under the chandelier she found a serious, rather frightened face.

"I'm—" he said, and stopped.

Diane took hold of herself firmly, and with equal firmness told herself that he was really not so bad. He was thirty or thirty-five, and had nice eyes—but where had he gotten the clothes and that haircut? She forced a smile. "You're Mr. Fink, aren't you?"

"Oh . . . thanks." He broke into an embarrassed grin. "I just thought I'd— While I was in town."

Impulsively she started to say something to put him at his ease, then remembering her siren role



she relaxed on the cushions. "So glad you came, Mr. Fink."

"Oh . . . thanks." Hermann Fink looked at the floor; his ears and neck were red.

"Won't you sit down?"

"Oh . . . thanks." He perched on the edge of a chair, feet spread wide as if a horse belonged between them.

"You've been in the city long?"

" 'Bout a week, I guess."

Diane took a deep breath; this was terrible, she was getting as embarrassed as he was. Hermann Fink watched her reverently, but with furtive eyes that fled whenever her glance crossed his. She searched for some topic of conversation. Had he seen any pictures?"

"A couple. But I've been looking for something you . . . of yours."

"I'm resting right now," she told him.

"Oh."

"Have they been showing any of my pictures lately up in Sed—" The name of that town was an insult. "—up in your home town?"

"Yes." He looked up quickly from the rug. "They showed *Forgotten Lies* about five months back. You were wonderful in that! Anyone else would have made the girl seem cheap and taw—tawdry." He leaned forward, his voice low and tense. "But you showed that a girl can make one terrible mistake and still come through to a—" He flushed suddenly. "I make it sound kind of silly."

"Not at all." Diane found herself blushing too. She was used to the brittle banter of Hollywood, the insincere praise, the jealous sarcasm. But he was so simple and honest; what could she say? He probably pictured her as a glamorous woman who had sinned picturesquely, but who had a heart of gold. What a false alarm she was. her sins were manufactured by a press agent, and the heart of gold was suffering his presence only to hear his praise and because she might be able to make use of him.

Really, though, he was almost handsome. A city barber and a good tailor— No, hickishness was a state of mind, not a geographical misfortune. She'd better snap out of it before she got soft headed. Studying him, she had an idea. Brutal, perhaps, but—

Rising from the divan, she said: "I know you're busy, Mr. Fink, so I won't keep you any longer. But have you any engagement for tomorrow evening?"

Herman blinked. "Why, no, I guess not. I mean: No."

"Would you be good enough to escort me to a party Mr. and Mrs. Markenshon are giving?—He's head of Marvelous Pictures, you know. All the important people in Hollywood will be there; you might like to meet some of them."

"Why—" Mr. Fink was breathless; his eyes were round. "I'd — Oh, thanks."

"Ten o'clock, then."

"What shall I wear? Is it—"

"Wear just what you have on; I like it."

"My arms are so sort of bare-like; I ain't used to a dress without sleeves."

Lissa went into another gale of laughter. "Miss Loring, I'll die if you don't quit." She wiped a tear from her cheek.

"Perhaps we could make some sleeves outa that purple material," said Diane. "It'd contrast kinda nice with the blue dress."

Lissa howled again. "Purple sleeves on a blue dress!"

Diane looked at her maid seriously. "Don't you like them? They'd almost match the sash—of course they're not quite the same material."

"Yes, Miss Loring, I think they'd look awful nice," Lissa giggled.

Diane looked at herself in the glass. Lissa had bought the dress for a dollar at a second-hand store. It was the kind of dress that doesn't quite seem

[*Continued on page* 78]

There was a crash of music; a rapid swirling tune began. Hermann was off, spinning her around and around. Between whirls he skipped.

Every Career Has Its Price And The Stars Cannot Escape Their Fame.

By

Marian Rhea

ONCE she was a star. Now she is a bit player . . .

Yes, I know. Many a story of Hollywood reads like that. Once upon a time there was glory; now there is oblivion. Once upon a time there was everything; now there is nothing.

Still, this woman who had been a star was different from many in that legion of Hollywood's Fallen Great. I asked her a question and, in answering, she forgot the pride which others raise like a shield against pity or ridicule. She forgot to pretend that she was "just between pictures" and that new success was right around the corner. She told me the truth.

I said to her: "You and I know that everything in life must be paid for. Tell me, was the glory you had worth the price?"

Her answer, bitter and hopeless, was: "No. I wish I had never known any of it! It cost me everything and left me nothing."

As one who finds relief in honesty too long restrained, she plunged on . . . She had lost her husband, the only man she ever loved, because "career" came first. She had denied herself motherhood because she was "too busy to have a baby." She had met the demands of fame with health and money until today, far from well and far from well off, alone and unloved, she was *a bit player.*

"I wish to God I were dead," she said, and the tears were streaking her make-up.

That night, though, my phone rang and a voice came over the wire, studiedly casual.

"My dear, I don't know what got into me today. I was so silly . . ."

Yes, the shield of pride was up again and so I was studiedly casual, too.

"Think nothing of it," I told her. "We all have our unguarded moments."

And so, for all she was too proud to ask it and for all it would make a better story, I shall not set her name down here. To reveal her guilty of that cardinal crime in Hollywood—admission of failure—would be cruel, and I think she has been hurt enough.

But, anonymous though it is, a story like this makes you think, doesn't it? Makes you wonder in how many other instances the price of glory has been, or will be, too high. Certainly, not in all. You cannot ask the manicurist, the elevator operator, the theater usher, the taxi driver, the cow-puncher and all the other heroes and heroines of our Hollywood "Cinderella" stories: "Is the game worth the candle?" without expecting their answer to be an amused: "Of course, you dim-wit! Don't be ridiculous!" Nor can you laugh off—or maybe it should be cry off—four or six or ten thousand dollars a week.

Just the same, stardom comes high. I know because I've seen its price paid, sometimes through the nose, in tender more precious than money . . . In privacy, for instance; in leisure, health, happiness and peace.

As a reporter on a Los Angeles newspaper, I've desecrated many a star's privacy myself.

Janet Gaynor has felt the whip of public opinion. Here she is with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., her co-star in "The Young In Heart." (Below) The dreaded calamity has come to Joan Crawford!

EARNING

Gene Raymond has over-enthusiastic fans to contend with. (Right) Maureen O'Sullivan and Robert Taylor in a scene from "The Crowd Roars." Bob's name is never far from the headlines.

I got into John Gilbert's kitchen the morning after he and Ina Claire were married, having made no progress at the front door; called the master bedroom on the house phone before the horrified servants could stop me, and insisted John and Ina pose for the photographer I had waiting outside. Moreover, after they had allowed the pictures, this being the only way to get rid of me, I asked John for a statement about Greta Garbo whom everyone had thought he would marry, and Ina for one about Gene Markey, whom she was supposed to be in love with. The whole thing was indelicate and outrageous, but the two of them were famous and, therefore, "news."

Jean Harlow was always "news," too, and so I interviewed her whether she would or no a day or so after Paul Bern's suicide when, still near collapse, she appeared in court for probation of his will.

I hung around Pickfair at the time of Mary Pickford's separation from Douglas Fairbanks until, in desperation, she talked to me. I could see she was fighting pitifully for self-control and all the time she was trying to make me believe the situation was nothing to incite headlines, her eyes were begging: "Let me alone. Can't you see I'm near to breaking my heart over it all?"

A few years later, when it was announced Mary was to marry "Buddy" Rogers, I was sent to ask her for a statement concerning the difference in their ages—as rude a request as could be made under the circumstances.

I was the reporter who pushed into the automobile which carried Carole Lombard to Russ Colombo's burial, seeking a first-hand story of her grief. I was the reporter who waited for Ricardo Cortez outside the dying Alma Rubens' hospital room and asked him for a "statement" five minutes after she had breathed her last.

"Vultures" they call reporters, sometimes, but I deny that. Reporters only seek the news. Stars are news, therefore nothing about them can be sacred or secret. Whereupon Martha Raye's father, deciding she owes him a living, goes to court, aware that the publicity will quite likely force her to do something for him whether he deserves it or not. Ditto Eleanor Whitney's father. Bob Taylor's grandfather goes on relief and the headlines blare forth: "TAYLOR'S GRANDFATHER PAUPER!" I happen to know that Bob was blameless in that situation as you or I. But—anything that concerns a Bob Taylor is, as I said, news.

A star also suffers at the hands of his fans, strange as this may seem. "We make a star, therefore he is ours," is their reasoning. So they assume the right to snatch the ermine tails from Joan Blondell's wrap at a premiere; to tear the buttons and pockets from Bob Taylor's clothes during a public appearance tour; to pull out handfuls of Gene Raymond's hair just to make sure he doesn't wear a toupe; to gang up on Ginger Rogers in a public square until, as a safety measure, she must be lifted to the base of a statue, there to cling for an hour while police were dispersing her formidable friends; to hang around the home of this and that screen idol, waiting to take pictures or beg autographs.

"We're like monkeys in a zoo," Claudette Colbert said to me, once, after an hour of acceding to sundry requests of a group of sightseers who had congregated at her front gate. I believe her.

I know the cost of fame in leisure, especially to a woman who, every day before appearing on the set, must devote at least three hours to shampoo, hair-dressing, make-up and costuming. A friend of mine recently spent several weeks with Ginger Rogers and her mother and she says that night after night Ginger would come home at seven or eight, never before, and go immediately to bed, forced to spend every spare minute resting, to avoid a breakdown.

Just the other day I saw Betty Grable arrive for work at Paramount at eight in the morning and keep at it until ten that night, with a glass of milk and a doughnut for lunch, a hot-dog and coffee for dinner and fittings and "stills" sandwiched in between takes.

THEIR ORCHIDS

Interesting? A thrill? For a while, perhaps. But as a steady diet week in and week out—well, I am not so sure about that.

I know what stardom and the situations it may create can do to a marriage. Ina Claire first pointed that out. It was just two years after I had intruded upon her honeymoon with John Gilbert. Now I was after the story back of their separation.

"What was the trouble?" I asked her.

"Hollywood," she said. "Just Hollywood, that's all."

Well, I knew what she meant. With the advent of talking pictures, John Gilbert, the silent screen's "Great Lover," had slipped while she, aided by her stage experience, had been a success. I knew that few marriages can withstand that portentous hour when a wife "passes" her husband on the road to triumph. There is something about the masculine ego that just can't take it. And so Ina Claire and John Gilbert reached a parting of the ways. So did Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres; Ann Harding and Harry Bannister; Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Faye. So have many another pair of married stars confronted by the same circumstance.

It was Janet Gaynor's career that wrecked her marriage to Lydell Peck. Although not in pictures himself, he couldn't stand being "Mr. Gaynor," and you can't blame him. You can't blame any of the Hollywood husbands who have rebelled because their wife's greater prestige and greater earning power have affronted masculine vanity. Or maybe it isn't vanity, but something deeper, more fundamental.

There is something fundamental, certainly, in the jealousy involved in many a Hollywood marriage. Not long ago I ran into the non-professional wife of a famous star, on a set watching a love scene between her husband and his leading lady. Columnists are always making wisecracks about such situations but what I saw wasn't funny . . . Not funny at all.

I know the wife and like her. She has poise and charm and sophistication, but as the scene got under way I saw the knuckles of her clenched hands whiten and her body begin to tremble. Her husband had asked her to witness the scene because he thought its professional aspect would lessen the tension she had been displaying for weeks. But it did not, and now I hear they are going to separate, and that is too bad. They really loved each other when they were married two years ago . . .

Olivia de Havilland has had her ups and downs. (Below) Ginger Rogers' popularity verges on frenzy.

These are some of the costs of fame which only a few of us are aware of. There are others which the whole world knows. You can scarcely pick up a paper but what you read of some star in the hospital, collapsing on the set, suffering a breakdown. Alice Faye, obeying the demands of stardom, dieted until she fainted during the last scenes of "You're a Sweetheart." Tyrone Power contracted a throat infection but, because "the show must go on," acted as emcee at a radio broadcast and as a consequence was seriously ill. Olivia De Havilland, scarcely in her twenties, had a nervous breakdown—couldn't talk to anyone without crying; trembled at the slightest sound.

I read the other day that Joan Crawford was in the hospital "for observation." Due to overwork? Perhaps. But maybe on account of something else, too. You see, Joan, these days, is also paying another price for stardom. Joan, these days, is learning the meaning of fear.

For a long time Joan was one of the box office's Big Ten, but when the 1937 poll came in, she had slipped. It wasn't her fault. Perhaps it was not even "the beginning of the end" for her, as they are whispering around here. But—she had a bad picture or two, and a bad picture or two is dangerous.

Tomorrow, there will be others who needs must say, even as the bit player whose name was once blazoned in lights:

"Stardom cost me everything, and left me nothing."

Charles Bickford and Ann Dvorak going strong in "Gangs of New York."

STAR PARTS OR BUST

By Walter Fleischman

In The "Quickies" The Big Names Of Yesterday Are Still On Top.

Evalyn Knapp is one of this group of players who has spunk as well as talent.

Hollywood, Hollywood, where one feels so blue,
A star today—tomorrow you're through.

* * *

AND those lines express it in a word. The biggest of the stars have shown brightly on the screen horizon, flared and died. But never without a struggle.

Hollywood has seen some mighty big "names" since the movies made it the center of the industry. Some of these "names" continue to be the recipient of fan mail—for they're still in demand. Others have watched the parade pass them by. And as the passing throngs cheer and applaud the new favorites, what do those "biggies" of yesteryear do? Sit by and hope? Not on your life!

True, there are many who cannot buck the tide of unpopularity, and continue without funds, just to wait for some producer to again star them in some epic. But if they can possibly hold on—like any one of the thousands of struggling extras—they fight, fight to the bitter end.

Well, just what *do* they do? They won't accept some bit part in a major picture. What a disgrace—what a comedown! No, many of them would rather starve slowly—go back to the legitimate stage—turn to some other field of endeavor — but accept a bit part, never!

Inevitably they all turn toward the Mecca of fading hopes, the Lorelie of the screen—the independent producers of small budgeted "action melodramas"—the QUICKIE!

Names such as Gloria Swanson, Conrad Nagel, Esther Ralston, Tim McCoy, Marian Marsh, Rod LaRoque, Anna Sten, Neil Hamilton, Ramon Novarro, Adrienne Ames, Polly Moran, Grant Withers, Hobart Bosworth, Al. St. John, Kit Guard, Ben Lyon, Evelyn Venable, Evalyn Knapp and Astrid Allwyn are among those who feel that a big role in a small picture is better than a bit part in a big picture.

What causes stars of another year to demand continued stardom? Face? Pride? No, it is simply that they must show the major producers that they are *still* "names."

Now, many of the former stars of the screen firmament, anxious to remain in pictures, will accept any "bit" role or walk-on part. They, possibly through no fault of their own, have been shelved as the picture parade passed by. But they refuse to remain out of pictures or wait for a leading role in a "quickie."

So then we have two schools of thought—so far as former star names are concerned. One believing that only a starring role, regardless of the size or scope of the picture, will bring them back into public favor and, possibly, with the major producers once again. The other school believing that no matter how small the role, the bigger the picture the better it will be for them.

In many cases, we find the former group

unable to obtain roles of any size whatsoever with the major studios. What to do then?

Well, some of them just don't work; live on their savings or drift out of pictures entirely. The others plan carefully to recapture public favor and once more bring themselves to the attention of the big producers.

First, we might take Ramon Novarro as an example. Handsomer than the average male screen player, and not necessarily a dyed-in-the-wool Latin type, Ramon found the going harder and harder when Metro finally dropped him from the studio payroll. Ramon didn't as some think, just forget about pictures. Oh, no! He carefully laid-out a plan that is just now bearing fruit.

Always possessed of an excellent voice, he had his manager arrange a South American concert tour. That tour proved to him that he was still "box-office" and still had millions of fans.

Yet no major studio offer was forthcoming. He continued on his personal appearance tour; still no major offer.

Then he told his agent what he wanted to do. He would star in a picture for one of the "independent" studios, if the right picture could be found. The picture was found and now you'll be seeing Ramon in a Republic picture. That, he hopes, will once again launch him into public favor. Then he will again be in demand for the major studios, he hopes. Will he? Well, it's a last hope, anyway.

Conrad Nagel played opposite Garbo in the past and he is still delivering the star quality goods—in independent pictures.

Adrienne Ames will be on the screen again soon. (Right) Polly Moran and Alison Skipworth. At the foot of the stairs again—it's symbolic.

The glamorous Gloria Swanson made a hit in "The Trespasser." Then, for no apparent reason she dropped out of pictures. But had she really forsaken the silver screen? Not by a long shot. No, she was just unwanted by the major studios. But Gloria still wants to be in pictures. So, she has accepted an offer from an "independent" company; true, at a salary reported to be $15,000 a picture, but what is that amount to the once most fascinating person on the screen! Swanson, who once drew as high as $7,500 a week and more! Well, children, that $15,000 represents Gloria's last chance, her last hope to recapture her popularity. Will she succeed?

Conrad Nagle absolutely refuses to play any minor roles. He could have any number of them in the larger studios. But he turns them down right and left. For what? For this; he feels down deep that he, Conrad Nagel, is far better off as a star, no matter the importance of the picture, than in a sub-role to any of the new stellar lights in a big film. So Conrad remains in the "quickies"—his last hope.

Another of the fading stars is Neil Hamilton. But you're never going to see Neil in some small supporting role or "bit" part. He's made up his mind that stardom is stardom no matter where—so it's the "quickie" that finds him nowadays. He's waiting for some big producer to remark: "Say, that fellow Hamilton still has what it takes. Let's star him in our new epic." I wonder whether any producer will?

Evalyn Knapp has been seen of late as the leading lady of a young man by the name of Smith Ballew in several western "quickies." Evalyn Knapp, you'll remember from a great many successes of other days. But, apparently, she won't take or can't get a small role in one of the major studios. So she, also, has turned to the "quickies."

The name of Esther Ralston once shone in the heavens of screendom as brightly as any. She was quite a young girl when she dropped out of sight, not so many years ago. When next we saw her, she had a supporting role—under another name—in a "quickie," I think its name was "The Spy Ring." In order to make the proper and effective "comeback" the producer advised her to change her name and make a fresh start. She did. But the start wasn't as fresh as she thought it would be.

Back to the name that had once been famous went Miss Ralston, and she, too, has tried the Mecca of last hopes in another "quickie" titled "Slander House."

Hollywood is full of other "names" as big and small, but none is so pitiful as the "big" name, which, refusing the tidbits handed out almost on a charitable basis, awaits the call from a major studio for a role that befits the standing once held, but now only a memory.

From time to time you'll continue to see Montague Love, Polly Moran, Grant Withers, Ben Lyon, Evelyn Venable, Astrid Allwyn, Betty Compson, Donald Woods, Jack Mulhall, Ann Dvorak and Sally Blaine in some of the majors, but their star is fast fading to the inevitable "quickie."

Adrienne Ames, for instance, just signed a four picture deal with Progressive Pictures, a new company still in the "quickie" class. But because Miss Ames apparently is well liked and because Progressive might become a major studio you may see her as a "name" once again. But the odds are strongly against it. It's just the way it goes in Hollywood.

Anna Sten, once the big light in Samuel Goldwyn's eyes, now is still awaiting stardom in a picture that her husband Dr. Eugene Frenke has been on the point of making for nearly two years. Her last hopes are fast fading.

Sooner or later, they all reach the "quickie" stage. The stage of fading hopes. Like the extras seeking the eternal "break" the former stars are seeking exactly the

same thing—only for the former star the odds are much greater. Any little extra girl has a greater chance for screen stardom than the biggest "name" that has stumbled from public favor. And she hasn't the heartaches, no matter how tough the going, that beset the fading star.

Once they rode the wave of popular approval and no surf board rider ever raced more jauntily. But every wave breaks and ends in a foamy edged rush of patterned water and there is no way of getting that wave back again.

For the stars who have "hit-the-beach" there will be changes that are hard to take.

There will be no more police escorts, no more flashing marquee lights, fewer autographs and fan letters and fewer, if any dollars. But it takes a person of backbone and character to cross off all these baubles of fame and to buckle down to hard work and the humiliation of applying for roles. And that's one reason why these players are real men and women of character and it explains why one-picture-independent-producers often turn out good films that deserve success.

Montague Love, for example, is called back to the major studios often enough (remember him in "Robin Hood") to prove that his great talent is a light still brightly shining.

The tougher break comes to the "Big Name" stars, and when their turn comes to sign up for a "quickie," to forget their yesterdays and to drop pride, conceit and fair weather friends, without any self pity, they do so almost invariably, with the determination to make a new career not as a hero and lover but as a character actor. And once they are before the camera again they are happy. For this time they are not propped up in a high place by fan mail, by press agents or by luck. This time they are in there working and "I'll show 'em" is their battle cry.

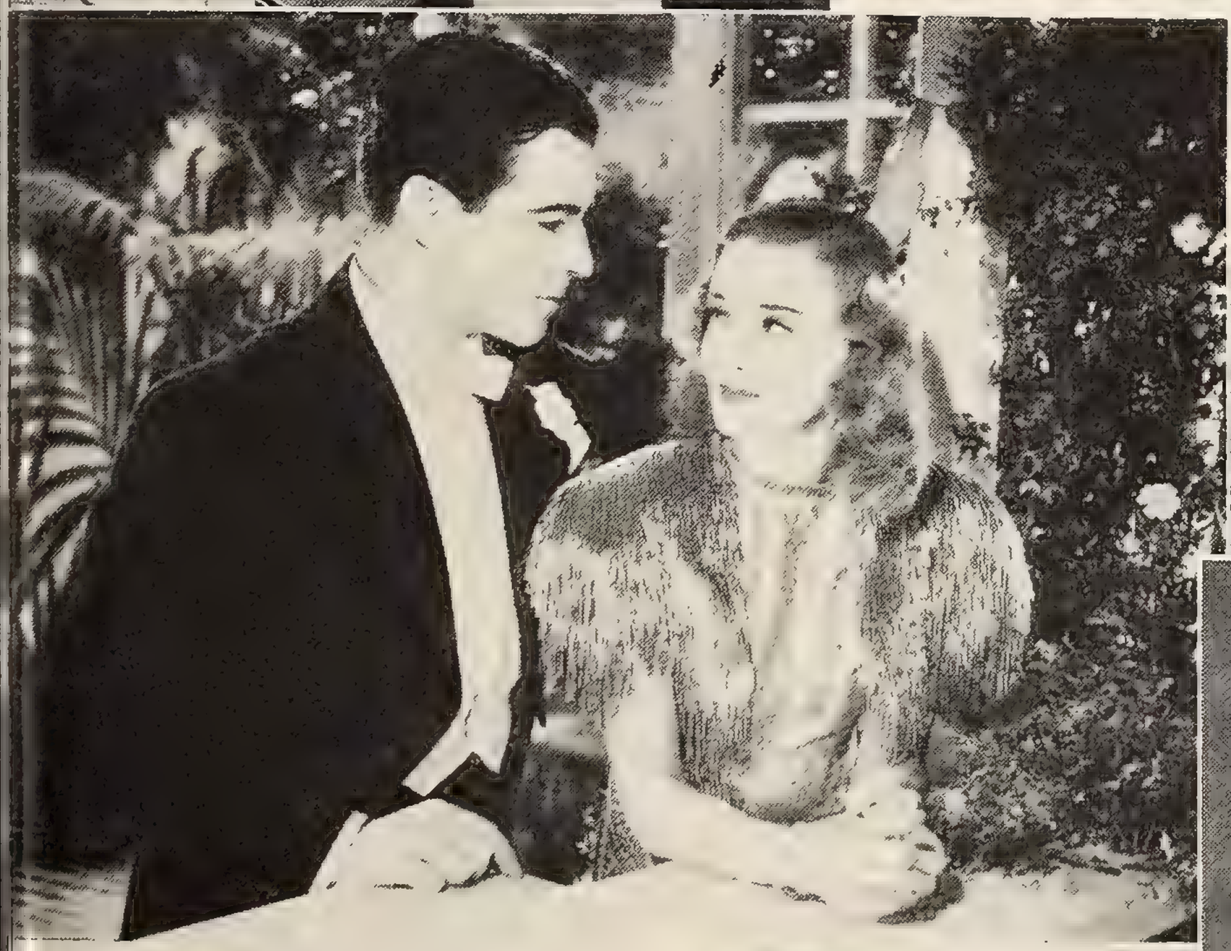
The youngster who has never qualified in the big studio as a box-office name looks upon the "quickies" as just a step in his climb. Look at Gene Autry and his cowboy pictures! He was working in Westerns and his fan mail began to grow, mail bag after mail bag! All Hollywood heard about it. Even the big producers knew that the Jury-of-the-Movie-Fans had put their O.K. on Gene and cowboy pictures were started on some of the major lots. So, it isn't all sighs and regrets at the "quickie" studios. Sometimes the whole studio rings with joyous crowing — "Gene has wowed 'em."

Republic is an independent company fast growing in importance. "Hewes of the Hills" is a recent picture and in it you will see Priscilla Lawson. She is an Indianapolis girl who won a beauty contest—"Miss Miami Beach." Since she reached Hollywood she has had small parts in "Test Pilot" and "Three Comrades." She is the leading lady in the "quickie" and it will not be for the last time either. Lynn Roberts came from El Paso, Tex. She is in the Dick Tracy serial and she was also in "The Lone Ranger," and many others. How's that for a blue-eyed going-to-be movie star?

The "quickie" offers their hearts' desire to the young and the old. No wonder "quickies" have spirit and umph!

Anna Sten, once the big light in Samuel Goldwyn's eyes, is patiently awaiting stardom in a picture that her husband Dr. Eugene Frenke has been on the point of making for nearly two years. Her high hopes are pretty well shattered.

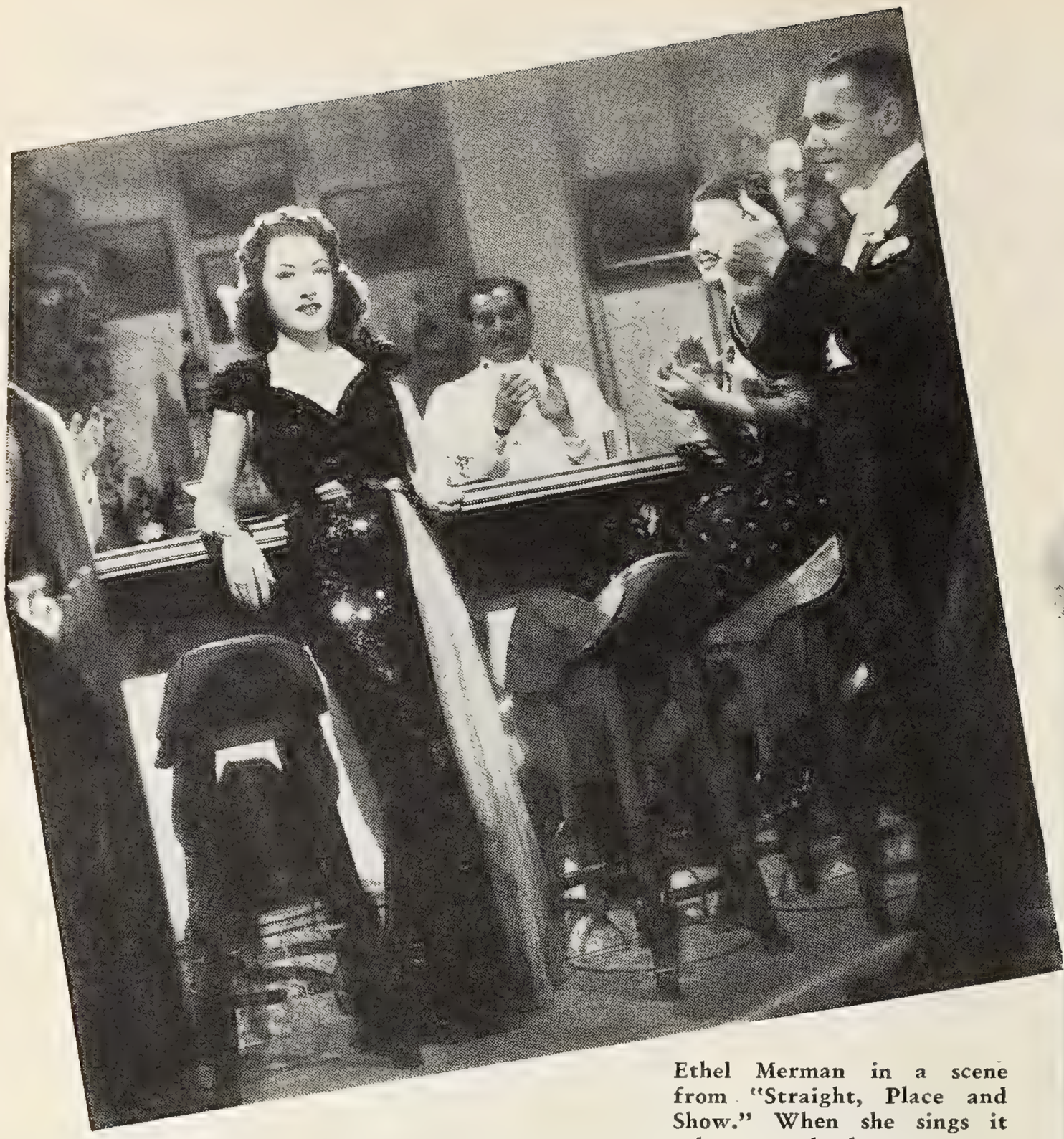
So because of this search for renewed stardom the "quickie" producer will continue to survive and make pictures. After all, he can get a "name"—no matter what that "name" formerly was—for comparative "coffee and cake" money. And the last hopes fade with each successive "quickie."



Madge Evans and Neil Hamilton in "Army Girl."

(Below) Ramon Novarro and Marian Marsh in "As You Are," a musical picture.

Anna Sten (top) Evelyn Venable (above) and Astrid Allwyn (left). Their beauty is Grade A but their box-office rating is not that high.



Ethel Merman in a scene from "Straight, Place and Show." When she sings it takes you back many eons to primitive times and you hear a voice unspoiled by civilization. Does the cave man in you grow restless? (Above, right) The world laughs with Fanny Brice. No teachers required.

THEY never had any lessons, but they're doing all right!

Who? Why most of the movie and radio top-notch vocalists who not only never had any lessons, but a great many of whom can't even read music. But you'll notice that this lack hasn't at all hindered them in their climb up the ladder of success. Say, I'll let you in on a secret. Many of them wouldn't be much good at delivering the kind of lovely lush tones you admire if they had had a teacher bearing down on them to change their rhythm and phrasing.

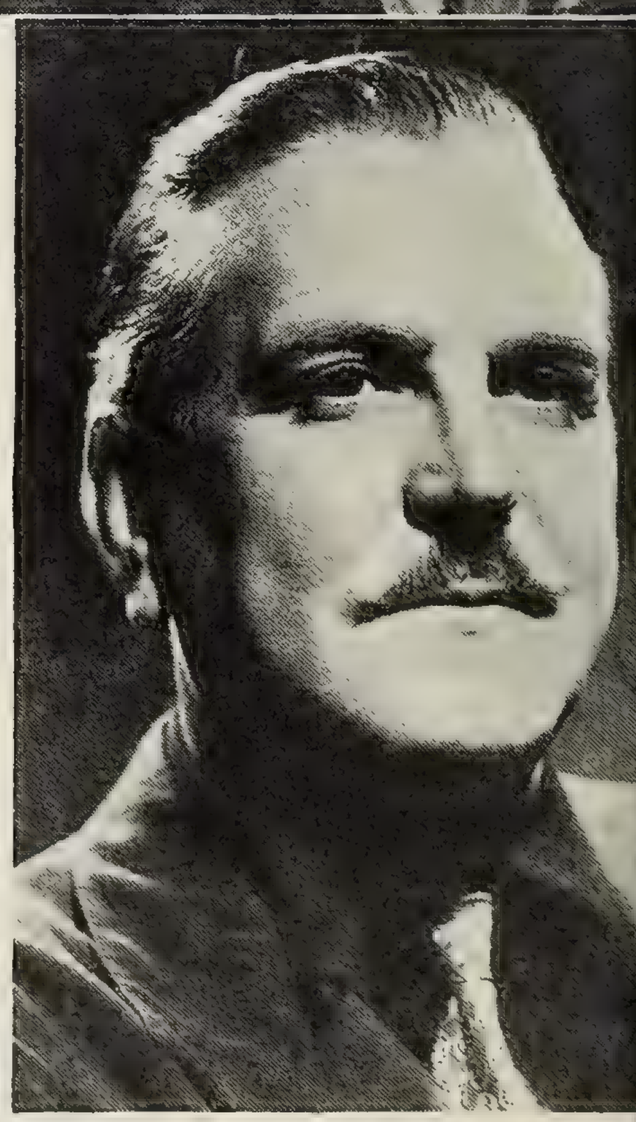
Not that we, or even they, are against vocal training if you've the kind of voice that can profit by it. Nobody denies what competent teachers have done for Deanna Durbin, Jeanette MacDonald, Tony Martin and Nelson Eddy, to mention a few. But we do want to point out that these songsters do not cover the entire realm of singing that comes to you via radio and silver screen. That's why, if you cannot afford singing lessons, you needn't be discouraged. For there are a great many beloved vocalists who never had the benefit of voice instruction, yet their popularity hasn't suffered one whit.

First man up to the musical bar to explain why lessons aren't always necessary is Bing Crosby, who boosted crooning into a major industry. To this day he cannot read music and can play no instrument except the drums. When he and some friends organized an orchestra that played at parties, ice cream parlors and tea gardens, no one could tell one note from the other. But that didn't matter, for, according to Bing: "We had an infallible system of always providing the latest tunes and rhythms. We bought the records of popular band leaders and listened to them until we could copy each tune convincingly. Occasionally I'd do a vocal solo. Nobody seemed to mind, so I worked up a few trick arrangements."

The objections came much later when, as a member of the Three Rhythm Boys, featured with Paul Whiteman's band, they played the Paramount Theatre in New York. The management didn't like the boys and particularly objected to Bing's crooning. They told Paul to fire Bing, but he had faith in the lad and warned him not to sing while on the stage. That was the only time Bing was paid not to sing. Today he is one of Paramount's shiniest stars and the company goes out of its way to find places in his pictures in which to spot songs.

A growth in his vocal chords gives Bing's voice that peculiar quiver that everybody seems to like so much. When he first started to sing professionally, he couldn't afford a singing teacher. Now with so much money rolling in that he could probably endow a music conservatory, he still steers clear of voice lessons. "It might change my style of singing," he explains, "and the fans might not like the change. Why should I try to do vocal high jinks when I don't consider myself a high-brow artist? True, I can't croon grand opera, but neither can those canaries do justice to tin pan alley tunes. So we're even, I guess."

Then there's Ethel Merman. Ethel has a robust voice, hasn't she? Maybe you thought at times that it could do with a little polishing around the edges, but she was advised against it and by no less a one-who-should-know than the late George Gershwin. The little ex-stenographer who never had a singing lesson in her life, yet managed to make grade A in the theatre, over the airwaves, and on the screen, told me that Gershwin once advised her: "Never, under any conditions, change your style of singing or take any lessons, no matter who recommends it. Keep on with your simple, sincere, direct manner of delivery



Frank Morgan's voice is just a wild untamed thing. It refuses to be pinned down. (Above) Alice Faye got the idea without any help

and you'll stay at the top. And I'll be mighty proud if you've listened to what I've suggested."

Ethel did listen and shortly before he died Gershwin sent her an autographed photo of himself on which he had written: "For Ethel—A lucky composer is he who has you to sing his songs—All the best, George Gershwin."

If you've an ear cocked toward your radio when Frank Morgan comes on to do his stint, you'll agree with his boast that he sounds as if he never took a singing lesson in his life. He prefers to give the lessons. Privately you think that no teacher could be found to instruct him, but he pish-toshes the whole idea. For him, lessons are a waste of time (the teacher's) for no natural born artist of his calibre need bother with such trivialities, he says. To prove it, he has covered the range of novelty songs, tear-jerking ballads and, yes—he's even done wrong by a couple of operatic arias.

"That's just the trouble," he brags, "I've got such all-around musical ability that they can't pin me down to any one type of song. Say, I'll bet I've got those baritones, bassos and tenors over at the Metropolitan Opera all trembling and shaking their heads," he told me, in a simple and cute understatement of his acute ability. Of course, Frank didn't say whether the head-shaking was in dismay or disdain at welcoming such a colleague, and who am I to ask embarrassing questions?

But if you really want to know just how profitable it can be *not* to take lessons, just listen to what Kate Smith has to say. Her words are just as impressive as the figure she presents when you realize that she's cleared over a million and a half dollars in seven years on the air, collecting about $5,000 per broadcast and about $8,000 for a week's work in vaudeville.

"I've never had vocal instruction because I've always wanted to sing in my natural voice," Kate explained to me. "Of course if I had wanted to train for opera, it would have been different. But for singing homey ballads and popular numbers, you're much better off without a teacher."

Not even the compliment paid Kate by Garbo's boy friend, Stokowski, who told her she had perfect pitch when she sang at a concert he conducted, sent her to a music teacher. She didn't go, she says, "Because I've known plenty of cases where improper instruction has taken away vocal naturalness, replacing it with a stilted artificial quality. If you could be sure, though, that the teacher was an expert, instruction wouldn't hurt you. Even if you don't pay attention to the lessons themselves, a good teacher could tell you how to guard your voice.

"If you contemplate singing on the stage with bands or in vaudeville, here's a tip you may find useful. And that is, be sure to use a microphone no matter how strong your voice is. When I first started out I never used a mike for I knew that my voice was powerful enough to be heard in the theatre without it. But I soon found out that playing four or five shows a day was a strain, so I got a mike to save my throat and have been using one ever since."

Alice Faye, who started out as a dancer and didn't get a chance to warble until she joined Rudy Vallee's troupe, confides that: "I just sing for the pleasure of singing and I've never felt that I've missed out by not practicing until I was blue in the face." Recently we've been noticing an improvement in Alice's delivery and we suspected that perhaps listening to husband Tony Martin run up and down the scale with his do-re-mi, under the guidance of his vocal coach, might have something to do with it. She admitted that listening to Tony had helped her own technique.

"But I can't read the notes even now," she told me frankly. "I just watch the notes go up and down; when they go up I go up [*Continued on page* 70]

(Left, above) The girl who "busted" into the movies and was welcome—Martha Raye—never took a lesson. (Left) Bing Crosby's crooning voice has been the envy of radio and night club entertainers. (Below) There's nothing artificial about Kate Smith's singing.

It Just Comes Natural

You Train Dogs, Seals And Elephants, But Singing Is A Gift.

By

Ruth Arell

Looking Over The Plays And Players Of Promise With

S. R. Mook

In "The Cowboy And The Lady" are Patsy Kelly, Gary Cooper, Mabel Todd, Fuzzy Knight, Walter Brennan and Merle Oberon. Practically a round-up.

HI, THERE, reader! What a month this is with every studio going full blast. And it's a red letter month because at—

Columbia

There's Edward G. Robinson in "I Am The Law" with John Beal, Barbara O'Neil, Wendy Barrie and Otto Kruger. Right here I'm going to let you into a little secret. Every month when I start to write this department I have a couple of snorts of—er—gingerale to sharpen my wits, and fire my enthusiasm.

Mr. R is a law professor who has been given a year off with pay. He doesn't want the year off so he joins the district attorney's office as a special investigator of vice and crime—at the behest of Mr. Kruger. Mr. Kruger, while apparently on the side of law and order, is really (in addition to being John Beal's father) the head of all the vice and crime. Miss Barrie is his light-o'-love and a pretty pair they make. Mr. Beal, knowing nothing of his father's private life, is Mr. Robinson's assistant and when the day of reckoning comes Mr. Harry Cohn and Mr. Sam Briskin are going to have a lot to answer for—getting a nice boy like John mixed up with a passel o' folks like this.

Do I have to tell you that in the end the competent Mr. Robinson cleans up the entire town, Mr. Kruger has an attack of conscience, makes a new will leaving his entire fortune to the perpetuation of crime control and commits suicide, Miss Barrie gets saved from the electric chair by signing a full confession of her part in the proceedings, Miss O'Neil has her reward in just being married to a man like Mr. Robinson (Who said "Virtue is its own reward"?) and Mr. Beal—well I suppose his reward comes from working with a man like Mr. R who knows all the answers.

When the scene I see is finished John comes over with out-stretched hand. "Dick!" he exclaims. "I *am* glad to see you."

"Yeah," I respond grumpily. "If I waited until you asked me up for that cocktail you've been promising me for the last five years I'd never see you."

"Well, stick around and I'll give you the cocktail and lunch, too," he offers.

"All right," I agree cautiously, "but I'm still expecting that cocktail at your house. I want to see Helen (his wife) again. She's more understanding. I've got to go to see Lannie Ross and Joan Marsh now—but I'll return."

So I go next door and there is a huge night club for "The Lady Objects." The hangings and furnishings would lead you to believe it's the Club *Intimé* but it's only a jot smaller than the Grand Central Station.

Miss Marsh takes her place next to the orchestra and starts singing. She descends a few steps and sings a few notes at each table. Lannie comes in while she's singing and stands watching her appreciatively.

You who remember Joan as a doll-faced ingenue will

In "Three Girls on Broadway," Ann Sheridan and John Litel feel the plot beginning to develop.

(Left) Lanny Ross and Joan Marsh in "The Lady Objects," a musical.

PICTURES ON THE FIRE

Scene from "The Sisters." Bette Davis, Anita Louise, Jane Bryan, Henry Travers and Beulah Bondi.

be most agreeably surprised at the change in her. Her hair is darker, her face has character and she has personality. The dress she is wearing is something to observe. My guide (Ma Decker) informs me it is made of electric blue sequins. I wouldn't be knowing about that but I believe the "electric" part. It's what my Aunt Prudence would call "shocking"—pleasantly shocking. It's like a cold shower—makes you feel good after you get used to it.

I go back to Mr. Beal (of the Joplin, Mo. Beals) and we go over to Madame Lucy's for lunch and have a couple of dry Martini's because when we first met five years ago we had lunch at Madame Lucy's and had a couple of dry Martini's and then I say goodbye for the nonce and dash over to—

Paramount

My heart sinks down into my boots as I look at the call sheet for there are SEVEN big pictures shooting here. But the gods look after the Mooks. "Zaza" is only starting and Claudette Colbert hasn't even started working yet. "If I Were King" starring Ronald Colman is on location, "Campus Confessions" is just starting and the set is closed the first day, "Men With Wings" featuring Ray Milland and Fred MacMurray is on location and Bing Crosby isn't working today in "Paris Honeymoon," so you'll learn about all of them next month.

I dash on to the set of "Artists and Models" starring Jack Benny and Joan Bennett. Miss Bennett is not working today and Mr. Benny is peacefully snoozing on the side-lines.

The scene is a private dining room in the Royal Carlton hotel and it looks as though Mr. Benny's entourage has really had a banquet. There are *petit fours* on the table, bowls of fruit and nuts, wine glasses proudly boasting the remains of brandy, creme de menthe, cointreau, Burgundy and almost anything else you can name. Seven chorus girls are singing "What Have You Got That Gets Me?" They're supposed to be singing to Jack but, as I told you, he is blissfully asleep and totally oblivious to what he's missing.

That leaves "Touchdown, Army" featuring John Howard, Mary Carlisle and Owen Davis, Jr.

It seems Mr. Howard is a Southerner who is in West Point. He's the fiery sort of Southerner who exists nowadays only in the imagination of Yankee script writers and he is still fighting the Civil War (which all real Southerners have long since forgotten). On the slightest provocation, or no provocation at all, he launches into an account of how his grandfather Culpepper led the charge at Shiloh and all the cadets rib him about it.

So his fellow-cadet (Owen Davis, Jr.) introduces him to his cousin, Mary Carlisle. To make matters worse, Mr. Howard keeps saying "Yes, ma'am" to Mary and no Southern boy says "ma'am" any more to any girl under forty.

From Paramount I journey to—

United Artists

Here Mr. Samuel Goldwyn is presenting a Samuel Goldwyn production produced by Samuel Goldwyn, starring Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon. It is called "The Lady and the Cowboy." Merle is the lady who goes West—or South—to escape something or other. She takes with her her cook (Patsy Kelly) and her maid (Mabel Todd). Mabel is in love with Fuzzy Knight. She makes a blind date for Patsy with one of Fuzzy's friends (Gary). Merle hears about it and wants to get "in" on the fun. So they haul her along and Mabel fixes things up for Gary and Patsy and pairs Merle with Walter Brennan. Merle offers Patsy a $25 a month raise to swap partners and Patsy's cupidity gets the better of her. She agrees. But Gary thinks Merle thinks, just because she's rich, she can have anything she wants so he'll have none of her—until the last reel, of course.

As the electricians are fixing the lights Gary spies me. "Hi, Dick," he yells, "come on over." So I mosey over to where he's standing but he's so absorbed in some guy who is explaining to Gary exactly how knife throwers throw the knives he hasn't time for anything else. I can't much blame him. A knife thrower is something different and writers are around all the time. So I just say, "Well, so long. I'll see you next month or the month after when you and Merle are working in 'The Last Frontier'" and I beat it out to—

Warner Bros.

Ah, me. If I thought I would get any respite here I am doomed to disappointment. Kay Francis is working on the next to last picture of her contract, Bette Davis is working in "The Sisters," Dick Powell and Olivia DeHavilland are working in "Head Over Heels" and there is also "Three Girls on Broadway."

Taking them in order—Kay in "Unlawful." She and her husband (John Eldredge) are a rising pair of young surgeons. But John gets mixed up with a gang of bandits (headed, of course, by Humphrey Bogart) and finally winds up getting killed. Kay is indicted for complicity but is eventually freed. She goes to a small town to start over again. The gangsters conveniently come to the town where Kay is, there is a gun battle and she saves the life of James Stephenson (who is really a novelist but who gets mixed up in the battle and is wounded). The butcher, the baker and candle-stick-maker are all hounding [*Continued on next page*]

Kay to pay her bill with them. Stevie, out of gratitude, offers her a hundred dollar bill, which she turns down. Luckily her aunt (Jessie Busley) is with her and nabs the bill and pays the grocer and that's where I come in.

"You're slipping, darling," I tell Kay when the scene is over. "It isn't like you to go around ignoring century notes."

"It's only in the picture, duckie," Kay explains, picking up the piece of needlepoint on which she's working.

"Honest to God, Kay," I expostulate, "you worry the life out of me. First you announce your retirement from the screen and then there won't be a single star left whose favorite writer I am, and now you're putting your eyes out with that everlasting needlepoint. What is it you're making, anyhow?"

"A table cover," she says, holding it up. "And it really doesn't hurt my eyes because it's not very fine work and I don't get a chance to work on it long at a time. They're always calling me for a shot or a rehearsal or a still or something. Wait a minute. I have to make a phone call and I'll be right back."

But there are umpteen other sets to cover here so I have to leave.

Next is Bette Davis. With her are Errol Flynn, Henry Travers, Beulah Bondi, Jane Bryan and Anita Louise and you'll have to admit that that's one of the best casts since "Dinner at Eight."

I haven't the foggiest idea what period it is but Bette in a pompadour is something to see. I think the thing that makes Bette the greatest actress on the screen is the fact she never gives a hoot how she looks. All she cares about is being authentic. Between scenes, it's something altogether different. She smokes like a fiend and if the ladies of the period she represents had ever smoked the way she does they'd have been *declassé*.

"All right, folks," calls Anatole Litvak, the director.

So Bette, Jane, Anita, Beulah and Travers line up at the windows of one of the parlors on the second floor, over the drugstore that Travers owns. They are watching as Dick Foran pulls up in one of those new-fangled gasoline buggies. He manages to stop the infernal thing and warily climbs out. "H'ya, folks," he calls, and starts towards the door.

"I'll go let him in," Jane offers, terribly excited, and then she pauses, "if you don't mind"—this last to Bette.

Jane starts towards the door again and then catches sight of Anita. "Mother!" she gasps to Beulah. "*Look* at Helen (Anita). She's all over powder. *Look* at her. What will Tom (Dick) say?"

"Who cares what *he* says, the old mossback," Anita snaps.

"How dare you, freshie," Jane squelches her. "Tom Knivel is—"

"Run along, Grace," Beulah smiles. "Tom is waiting." And then she turns to Anita: "Helen, you're too impertinent. Tom Knivel is the banker's son. What's more, he's your future brother-in-law and—"

"I don't care," Anita protests. "I had a fever and —"

La, me. It's the period, I wot, when ladies swooned all over the place and put powder on their faces to make themselves look pale and wan.

"Stick around and we'll have some laughs," Bette suggests when the scene is finished but a Mook's work, like woman's, is never done. There are other things to see, the next being—

"Head Over Heels." Once again, "it seems" Olivia is the youngest daughter of a wealthy and prominent New Yorker, Charles Winninger. She is wilful and spoiled. On the eve of the family's departure for Newport, she decides she wants to stay in New York, and props herself up resolutely on her *chaisse longue* after announcing her platform.

"Ben," Miss Isabel Jeans flutters to Charlie, "I don't know *what* to do with this girl. I'm in a state of *nerves* listening to her. (Bonita Granville stands complacently aside, hoping for a good fight)."

"Maggie," Charlie begins sternly, "Why are you causing your mother all this trouble?"

"Now, please, Dad," Olivia coos, "don't *you* start on me."

"Margaret has become very superior about Newport," Bonita sneers. "She's suddenly discovered a great love for this stone fortress. Isn't that touching?"

"Well, I like it, too!" Winninger snaps at her and then looks at Olivia steadily. She doesn't flinch and he casts a hasty glance in the direction of Isabel. "Aw, now, look here, Maggie," he pleads, "why don't you give in to your mother? You know she'll have her own way in the end. She always does."

"Well, this time she won't!" Olivia snaps.

"She's just acting stubborn," Bonita eggs them on. "I bet she gets away with it, too!"

"You keep out of this!" Charlie squelches her. "She's right! This isn't a hotel we have here. It's a house and ought to be lived in *once* in a while."

"You know very well she can't stay here alone," Isabel bristles. "She's going to Newport if I have to drag her by the scruff of her neck."

Like Bonita, I love these family arguments—in pictures. But Olivia really does look pale and tired out.

"Honey," I suggest when the scene is finished, "you really should go to Newport. You look as though you need a trip."

"I know it," she confesses. "They've promised me a long rest when this picture is finished."

"Well, have a good time," I admonish her as I prepare to leave, "and give me a ring when you get back."

Olivia looks at me a moment in astonishment and then bursts out laughing. "You funny man!" she howls. She might as well have said, "Good old Grandpa Mook. He will have his joke."

The last picture on this lot (and no carry-overs, thank heaven) is "Three Girls on Broadway." The three gals are Margaret Lindsay, Ann Sheridan and Marie Wilson, who were playmates in an orphan asylum but were separated in later years. Maggie has married John Litel, a prosperous stock broker. Ann has become an actress unable to rise above cheap burlesque and night club work and Marie has become a secretary, in love with her employer (Hobart Skinner). Maggie, of course, is dissatisfied with her lot, refuses to accompany her husband to California and meets Richard Bond, a handsome gambler and Broadway chiseler (Hi, there, Skolsky! I thought you said Broadway was dead!). On the eve of Litel's return she is in an automobile accident with Bond and the tabloids make the most of it. We pick up Ann and Litel in the hall of a hospital, where the latter is just preparing to go in to see Maggie. Ann is trying to "front" for Margaret.

"Listen!" Ann begins. "You better find out the truth before you go busting in there and say something to Isabelle you'll be sorry for later."

"Well, try and be brief," Litel says shortly.

"In the first place," Ann begins, "*I'm* to blame for what happened last night because I got Isabelle to come to my apartment. In fact, I threw the party for her."

"You mean," Litel hopes, "she was *only* at your place?"

"Sure," Ann lies. "And she wouldn't have come at all if I hadn't insisted. Here I had a lot of swell people, plenty to drink and Isabelle just sat around and wouldn't give us a tumble. Guess she doesn't care

Edward G. Robinson in "I Am The Law," supported by Barbara O'Neil, Joe Downing, Wendy Barrie and John Beal.

In "Head Over Heels," Olivia de Havilland and Charles Winninger, her father, tackle a problem of social life, while Bonita Granville and Isabel Jeans look on. (Right) Kay Francis with Jessie Busley and a bit player in "Unlawful."

for my friends," she finishes with a short laugh.

"I can imagine that," Litel answers contemptuously. "Thanks." And with that he's off to see the wounded Maggie.

But I can't let you in on the grand reconciliation because they're only shooting the corridor scene today and Maggie is not on the set at all.

And so we come to—

20th Century-Fox

There's plenty doing here, all right, but once again the fates are with me. A "Mr. Moto" picture is in production but it's on location. So is "The Gateway." So is "Meet The Girls."

"Suez" starring Tyrone Power and Annabella is being produced by my old friend, Gene Markey—and that alone should insure a great production. Today is one of the big scenes. They have reproduced that portion of the desert where the canal is to be cut through. To get this effect, the studio has hauled one thousand, two hundred and fifty truckloads of sand from Santa Monica and covered two of the hills and a valley on the 20th Century-Fox lot with it. If you stand in the valley where you can't see the mountains you would swear you were in the middle of the Sahara. As far as you can see there are only sand, a few palms and a water hole.

"Do you have to return the sand when the picture is finished?" I facetiously ask Wally Alderton who is showing me about.

"Hell, no," he retorts. "When this picture is finished we are going to make 'Mr. Moto in Egypt.' We can't waste 1250 truckloads of sand!"

By this time we are right on the set and there is Mr. Power, brown as an Indian and clad in nothing but trunks. "Hi, there," he greets us. "You can either go down and watch them photograph Miss Annabella's legs or you can wait and watch me ride a horse—which should be a sight, indeed, as I hardly know a horse's head from his other end."

So Wally and I take in both sights. Miss Annabella's legs, alone, are worth the price of admission. Later the cavalcade starts. There are hundreds of horsemen mounted on real Arabian steeds with a few carriages thrown in for good measure. There is no dialogue in this scene and all I can think of is an old Arabian saying, "The dogs bark, the caravan passes."

Jane Withers is making a new picture—"Down to Earth." This is being directed by another old friend—Joseph Santley (formerly of RKO and Pathé). This scene has no dialogue, too. Jane and her new leading man, Robert Kellard (and you want to watch for him, girls) are at a dinner table. Jane makes a noise like an airplane. Bob gives her a sidelong glance and goes on with his eating. Gangsters lurk in the background.

"We're building," Joe tells me when the scene is finished. "Put the address down and come up in about a month. We'll be in by then, even though it is not the estate Mr. Jack Benny is erecting and our house-warming will not be one-two-three to his."

The last picture on this lot is "Straight, Place and Show" starring the three Ritz Bros and yet another old friend—Dick Arlen.

The scene is a sylvan glade with a little shack in the midst of it. Dick strolls in and raps on the door. Out burst the three mad Ritzes.

"We don't want any," Harry informs him without waiting to see what he wants.

"Send your bill," suggests Al, "and you'll be paid on the first."

"I don't want anything," Dick protests. "My horse ran away and he came in here."

"How long ago?" Harry inquires cautiously (could it be they're horse-thieves?)

"About five minutes ago," Dick replies.

"Haven't seen him," Jimmie puts in, not noticing the horse that Dick's stooge has just rounded up.

"As long as he's here you can have him," Dick offers.

"We don't want him," the Ritzes chorus.

"Won't cost you a cent," Dick begs, anxious to be rid of the nag.

"The crack still goes," Harry snaps.

When the scene is finished Dick strolls over. "You so-and-so," he begins, "you better get your carcass out to the house. Joby and Ricky are furious at you. You haven't been out there since you got back from your trip."

"But I just got back yesterday, I protest, quite pleased by his interest.

"Doesn't make any difference," he retorts logically.

"All right," I concede, "I'll fly around the other studios and be out for dinner tonight."

"You don't have to take me so literally as all that," he counters.

But I do, and the next place I light at is—

M-G-M

"You sure came on a good day," Kay Mulvey greets me. "We have a bunch of big pictures shooting."

But it develops that "Boys' Town" starring Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney is leaving for a two-weeks locations trip. We go on the set of "The Great Waltz" and all there is is Mr. Fernand Gravet in satin knee breeches, staring moodily at something across the room and finally marching over to it—without a word.

"Sweethearts" stars Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. Neither of them is working today. The scene is the stage of a theatre and such a beautiful set I have rarely seen before.

Myrna Loy is visiting Director Woody Van Dyke, which means she isn't working on her own set—"Too Hot To Handle" so I'll tell you about that one next month. And that winds us up for the time being.

REVIEWS OF PICTURES

MARIE ANTOINETTE

A GORGEOUS HISTORICAL PRODUCTION —*M-G-M*

NORMA SHEARER returns to the screen as Marie Antoinette, the ill-fated queen of France, and gives a performance that far surpasses all her former performances, grand though they may have been. It is a difficult role as it runs the gamut from gay, eager girlhood to heart-wringing tragedy, but Norma gives it such humanness that it will long remain vivid in our memories as a piece of art.

There are those who will say, and perhaps rightly, that Marie Antoinette was never such a sympathetic woman, but Norma has based her characterization on the famous biography of Stefan Zweig, who has been accepted by our betters as an authority on the tragic queen. And who are we to quibble when we have such lavish, spectacular beauty, and such human interest. Right or wrong Marie Antoinette loses her head (Metro doesn't give the picture a happy ending, you cynic you) and that's that for social significance. It's entertainment, pure and simple, thank goodness, without any preachment.

As the hapless Marie Antoinette Norma Shearer is superb. Co-starred with her is Tyrone Power, handsome and romantic, as the young Swedish count who almost rescues the queen he loves and her family—that scene, by the way, is far more thrilling than any cops-and-robbers chase you have ever seen on the screen, except, alas, you know what the end will be.

Robert Morley, an English actor, cast as the wistful Dauphin who becomes Louis XVI, who had far rather have been a locksmith, is deserving of almost as many raves as Norma for an outstanding performance. In an excellent cast are John Barrymore as the cynical Louis XV, hopeless under the influence of Madame DuBarry, played by Gladys George; there is Joseph Schildkraut as the painted, foppish double-crossing Duc D'Orleans, and Anita Louise as the companion of the queen, Henry Stephenson as the Austrian ambassador, and Alma Kruger as Maria Theresa. The entire production is truly superb. It is a picture that will cause plenty of comment, and you don't want to miss out on it.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE

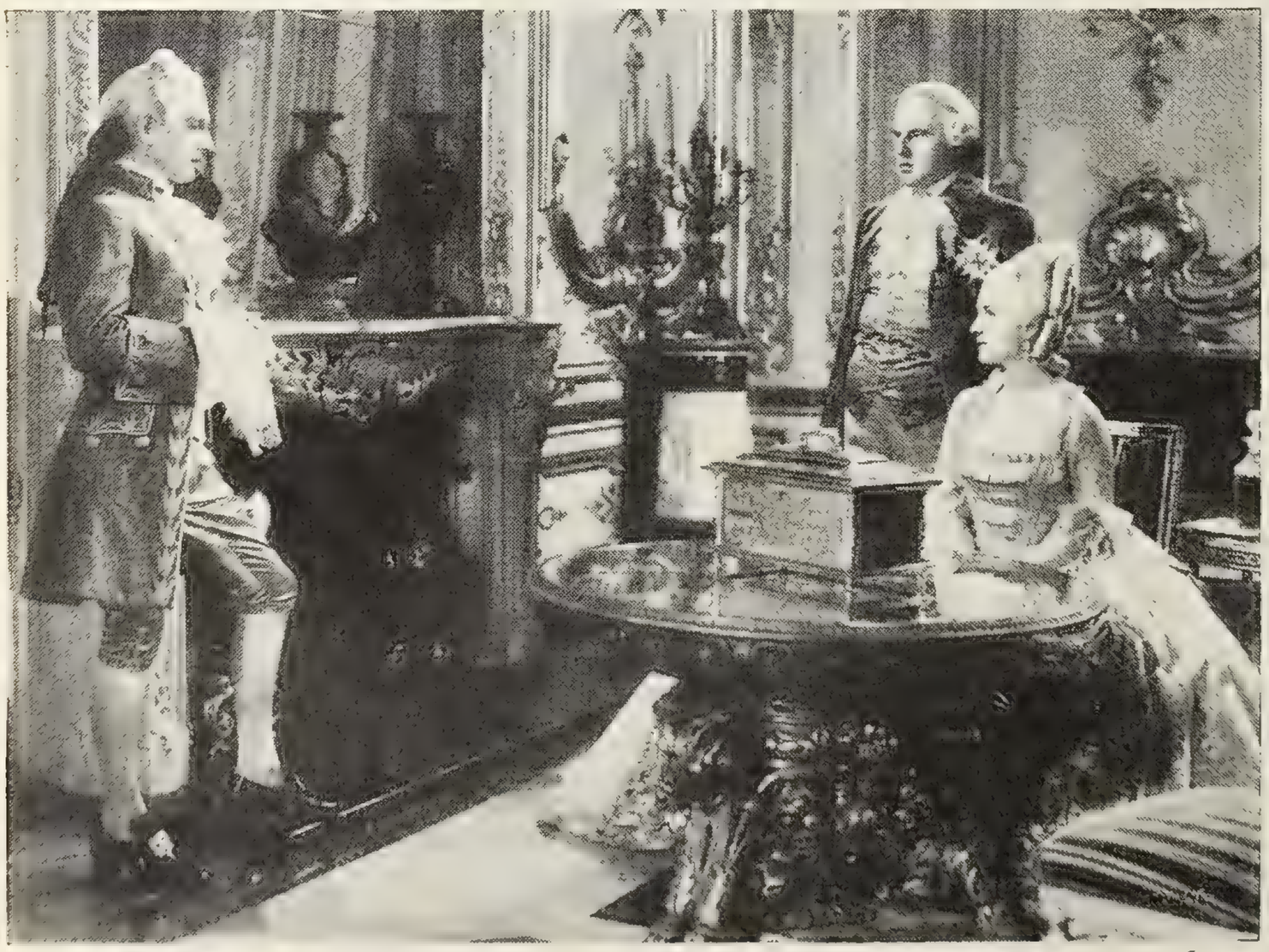
A PERFECTLY GRAND FILM—DON'T MISS IT —*WB*

IN HIS newest picture Edward G. Robinson plays a different kind of crook, and at the rate he's been playing crooks ever since "Little Caesar" you'd think that Eddie had run the gamut by now. But this time Eddie plays a society doctor, rich, polished and Park Avenue, who becomes a thief so that he may study the reactions that lead up to crime.

Deeply engrossed in a book he is writing, "Crime and Research," the amazing doctor stages four successful jewel robberies and makes a connection with a well known fence to dispose of the loot. The fence is a girl, superbly played by Claire Trevor, who takes a fancy to the mysterious crook and invites him to join her gang, formerly headed by Humphrey Bogart, who is immediately jealous and suspicious of the new member.

After conducting his experiments with real thieves and acquiring all the knowledge he wants for his book Eddie tells the boys goodbye and returns to his respectable practice of medicine—but he's in too deep then. His identity is learned by Bogart and to avoid blackmail the doctor commits murder. It's plenty exciting from then on.

This is one of Eddie's most distinctive performances and again proves what a fine actor he is. In his "gang" are Allen Jenkins, Ward Bond and Maxie Rosenbloom, who as "Butch" gets most of the laughs. Gale Page, a pretty newcomer, plays the amazing doctor's devoted nurse, and Donald Crisp is grand, as usual, as a police inspector. The picture is full of suspense and humor and it's just what the empty theatres need to fill 'em up.



Joseph Schildkraut, Robert Morley and Norma Shearer in "Marie Antoinette."

LITTLE MISS BROADWAY

STARRING OUR FAVORITE MOPPET—*20th Century-Fox*

ACCORDING to the last poll Shirley Temple is still the Number 1 Box-office attraction of America, and so her pictures are important whether you like "kid stuff" or not.

In her newest picture Shirley plays an orphan who is adopted by Edward Ellis, proprietor of a cheap vaudeville boarding house. Among the "guests" of the hotel (and guests they are as they haven't paid their rent in ages) are Jimmy Durante and his orchestra, El Brendel with his top-hatted penguin, and a number of assorted midgets.

The boarding house is owned by Edna Mae Oliver who holds it in trust for her hen-pecked brother, Donald Meek, and her dance-loving nephew, George Murphy, and when Jimmy Durante's orchestra disturbs her rest she forecloses and gives Edward Ellis five days to pay the back rent or close up. Playing a menace to the hilt Miss Oliver also tries to break up George's romance with Phyllis Brooks and send Shirley back to the orphanage.

Of course, Shirley saves the day for everybody. High spots of the picture are the dance routines of Shirley and George Murphy, in which Shirley again proves that she can hold her own with the best. The music is catchy and melodious, with the outstanding hit tune being "Little Miss Broadway." Shirley is still growing up.

FAST COMPANY

A MIXTURE OF MURDER AND COMEDY, NOT TOO WELL BLENDED—*M-G-M*

AND still they come, these "Thin Man" imitations. And this one is neither the best nor the worst of the lot. Melvyn Douglas plays a gay, debonair young man who, because he is an authority on rare editions, is often employed by insurance companies to trace and recover stolen books.

When Sheppard Strudwick is framed by his employer Mr. Douglas, with the assistance of his wife, Florence Rice, seeks to prove the boy's innocence, but in the meantime the employer is murdered and it looks pretty bad for the kid. But nothing daunts Mr. Douglas, nor his wife, who insists upon being an active partner in her husband's dangerous career.

The murder mystery is lightened by many comedy interludes, in fact there are so many comedy interludes that it is hard to keep track of the plot. In the cast are Claire Dodd, Louis Calhern, Nat Pendleton and Douglas Dumbrille.

SHOPWORN ANGEL

OR THE SPIRITUAL REGENERATION OF A HARD-BOILED CHORINE—*M-G-M*

IF YOU were fortunate enough to see the first "Shopworn Angel" (though I suppose you were but a child attending children's matinees on your nurse's knee nine years ago) in which Gary Cooper and Nancy Carroll played the private and the chorus girl with such poignant beauty, you are apt to wrap yourself up in nostalgia and say that the 1938 version doesn't come up to scratch. Not that Jimmie Stewart and Margaret Sullavan aren't as perfect as they can be, not being Gary Cooper and Nancy Carroll—it's the tampering with the plot we resent.

When Daisy Heath starts stringing along two guys it's just too much for our one-boy-one-girl romantic viewpoint, and personally we don't think the latter part of the picture stacks up with the first part.

But if you were in the lolly-pop stage, or happened to miss the original "Shopworn Angel" you'll be very happy with the new edition.

Jimmie Stewart plays Bill Pettigrew, formerly a Texas cowboy but now a soldier in Uncle Sam's army (it's 1917 and America has just entered the war) who is stationed in an army camp in New York for a few weeks prior to being shipped to France. He has never had a girl, except in his dreams, but when quite by accident he meets Margaret Sullavan he knows his dreams have come true.

Margaret (playing Daisy Heath) is a hard and sophisticated show girl who is getting to the top in the theatrical world because the backer of her show, Walter Pidgeon, is in love with her. Bill Pettigrew and his naive "hot apple pie" philosophy, his gentle love and adoration, make a new girl out of her, and though in love with the other man she marries Bill the night he leaves for France and death. Hattie MacDaniel as a maid deserves a special rave.

MERIDIAN 7-1212

For All Mystery Story Addicts—*20th Century-Fox*

AN UNPRETENTIOUS little picture with enough action and suspense to make it well worth your time. In fact I've seen many "stupendous colossal" productions that weren't half as good. It's another "cops and robbers" but there are plenty of new twists.

A notorious woman is murdered in her New York penthouse and immediately a nice young kid, who is the "runner" in his uncle's bank, is accused of the murder. The kid gets the sympathy of Michael Whalen, a newspaper guy, and Gloria Stuart, a bill-collector, who has sworn not to leave Mike's side until she has collected for his trombone. The two of them, aided by a gangster pal, eventually run down the murderer after an exciting chase.

The chief novelty angle to the picture is tied in with the title—the telephone number you call in New York to learn the time from central, you know, one of those "when you hear the tone"—a recording of this is used as an alibi. Chick Chandler plays a news cameraman with a yen for practical jokes, and Douglas Fowley makes a convincing gangster.

ALGIERS

This Is A "Must See" Picture—*UA*

WITHOUT a doubt this is the most fascinating and romantic picture that we'll have the great pleasure of seeing this year. Adapted from the French "Pepe Le Moko" the Hollywood version has all the "mood" and glamour of the original, plus expensive production and magnificent photography.

Charles Boyer, who is quite a heart-throb with the women-folk, plays Pepe le Moko, the colorful and romantic fugitive from justice, and never has Mr. Boyer given such a superb performance. As the homesick jewel thief he is at his best. This picture also marks the debut, at least in American pictures, of Hedy Lemarr who is so beautiful and glamorous and full of feminine allure that she makes Dietrich look like a scrub-woman.

As Gaby, the alluring Parisienne, Hetty is nothing short of a sensation. With the preview audience fairly gasping over her close-ups there doesn't seem a doubt but what she will be our newest and best Glamour Girl.

The locale of "Algiers" is in the arab quarters, known as the Casbah, of the French possession of Algiers. Here in the Casbah are the crooks of all nations, murderers and human derelicts from all over the world. They are safe here because the

Phyllis Welch, Harold Lloyd and Bruce King in "Professor, Beware!"

Charles Boyer, Hedy Lemarr and Sigrid Gurie in "Algiers."

In "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse," Edward G. Robinson plays a doctor turned thief and Claire Trevor is the "fence."

police cannot go in and pull them out. But —when the criminals leave the Casbah and come into the city the police are always waiting for them.

As sort of king of the Casbah is Pepe le Moko, a jewel thief from Paris, for whom the police set all kinds of traps in their efforts to lure him into the city. But Pepe, though home-sick for his native Paris, will not be lured until, one night, a beautiful Parisienne comes to the Casbah looking for excitement. She falls in love with Pepe, and he with her, and it is this love affair that eventually leads to his capture by the police—when he goes down to the city to see her.

Melvyn Douglas and Florence Rice in "Fast Company."

There is one unforgettable scene, when the gang, "marking time," plays cards with the informer, which will leave you breathless.

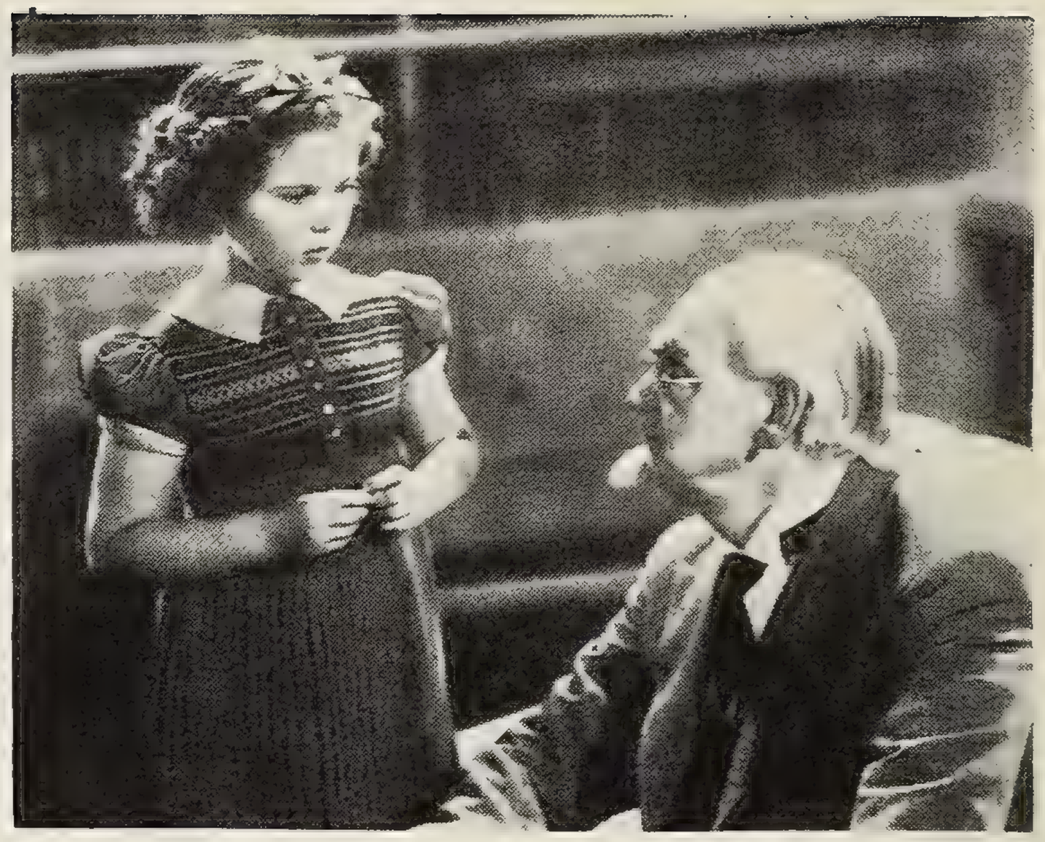
The picture is splendidly cast, with Sigrid Gurie as Pepe's native sweetheart, Gene Lockhart as an informer, Joseph Calleia as a native policeman and Alan Hale as a fence.

PROFESSOR BEWARE

COMEDY RETURNS TO THE SCREEN—THIS TIME WITH SPECTACLES —*Par*

AFTER all this time Harold Lloyd comes out with an action comedy that is made after his own particular pattern, and jollity reigns. There is the touch of the master comedian in everything that Harold does. His hilarious performance makes one realize that there are many varieties of fun making. Harold's serious and perplexed face is perfection in clowning. We can remember "Grandma's Boy" and it is the same Harold today as the Harold who then defied all—protected by the magic umbrella handle.

In "Professor Beware" Harold plays a professor of Egyptology. Phyllis Welch is the girl friend,—good too. The comedy of William Frawley is convulsing. He is drunk and in his shorts, so Harold changes clothes with him. This scene is very amusing and proves again that comedy is the gift of some players, and without the comics the funniest script would be boring.



Shirley Temple and Claude Gillingwater in "Little Miss Broadway."

HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME

MEANING, IN THIS CASE, A VACATION AT A SUMMER CAMP—*RKO*

GINGER ROGERS, who is doing all right on her own these days without benefit of Fred Astaire, is co-starred in this amusing comedy with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Ginger plays a New York typist from the Bronx who selects Kamp Kare-Free for her two weeks vacation because she believes it's the perfect place for rest—the folder says so.

But rest, she soon discovers, is something Kamp Kare-Free has never heard of. She gets off to a wrong start with Doug, Jr., a waiter with a college degree, when he bangs her suitcase open, but it serves as the beginning of a summer romance.

In its translation to the screen Arthur Kober's play loses much of its spontaneity and fun. However, it has its moments, one of them being Lucille Ball.

"Star Conditioned"

[*Continued from page* 23]

Austrian. But when she caught Luise on the street one day, clad only in shorts and blouse, well, that *WAS* the limit!

Poor "Mama" nearly swooned. But she recovered in plenty of time to hiss in Luise's ear: "I nevaire dreamed a daughter of mine would go 'round—er—showing the—er—whole of her pants—and such awful leetle pants!—to the public!"

Luise nearly died laughing but—she didn't again wear shorts on the boulevard!

The meager praise that Glenda Farrell receives from her idolized young son, Tommy, and two young cousins, Gene and Dick, will probably keep Glenda from ever having an enlarged ego.

"You talk too fast! Your hair looked stringy in that last film! Your clothes look sort of out of date! And in your love scenes you're a dreadful flop!" Those are merely a few of their poignant observations.

To be sure, they sometimes do it in a spirit of ribbing, but Glenda confesses to the fact that there's generally some elements of truth, at least, in their startling impressions that is most upsetting.

"However," she laughed, "when they do, on some rare occasions, wax a bit complimentary, I stick out my chest and really begin to think I *am* something pretty nice!"

Donny Ameche, Junior, small son of very-popular Don, would rather have his pappy a policeman or at least a fireman, instead of a mere movie star! And when he was taken to a recent movie and saw Don up there on the screen for the first time, he cried out, in alarm: "Daddy, come home! Don't stay up there on that old wall!" Donny went home instead—by request, because he was disturbing the cash customers!

Kids are funny little creatures.

For fear that she might get the wrong impression of him, J. Carroll Naish, screen villain de luxe, never has permitted his little daughter, Elaine, to see him in a motion picture. She knows him only as a home-loving daddy who brings her candy and dolls, and tells her Fairy stories.

Naish recently, on the "Tip-Off Girls" set at Paramount, revealed with considerable amusement how Elaine the day before at school engaged in a hair-pulling encounter with another small juvenile of her age, more familiar with the characters the actor plays, accused her of having a "bad man" for a father!

Pat O'Brien's mother, Mrs. W. J. O'Brien, avers her famous son's roles on the screen run sort of parallel to his youthful high school days.

"Just the long-suffering type of a lad, always helping a pal, spending money freely without a thought of the morrow; a John Alden kind that pushes ahead the other fellow's romance and, in the end, always manages to get 'left in the lurch' himself."

"But you like me on the screen, don't you, Ma?" questions Pat.

"You BET I do!" fondly replies Mrs. O'Brien.

"And you think I'm a good actor?" he further queries.

"Heck, no!" his mother smiles broadly. And goes on to explain herself: "You see, Pat darlin', a good actor is one who can portray any kind of a role—anything at all."

"Can't I?" comes back at her.

"Well, m'boy," begins Mrs. O'Brien mischievously, and with a twinkle in her eye, "I'd like to see you taking the part of a Jewish merchant selling second-hand clothes, I really would!"

Pat had no come-back for that one!

Chester Morris is a screen actor of distinction. And he has appeared on such popular radio shows as Lux, Crosby's, the Silver Theater and Feg Murray's. But, he has never been able to win much praise for either his screen or radio work from his 13-year-old son, Brooks. The other night he astonished Chester by exclaiming, "Gee, Dad, why can't you get on a decent radio program—like 'Calling All Cars'? Or get 'em to make THOSE kind of stories into pictures?"

Nothing loathe, Chester had his agent contact the air program and ask if they'd like to have Morris as a guest star. The answer was—sure they would, but they couldn't afford it. Money, insisted the agent, was no object at all. So, Chester Morris, whose radio salary is something like $2,000 an appearance, did a "Calling All Cars" broadcast for nothing—just to get a bit of praise from his kiddy! And the record of that program, incidentally, is now young Brooks' proudest possession!

Judge Cooper, Gary Cooper's father, saw his son for the first time on the screen and nearly collapsed—from laughing. And no wonder. For Gary was just an extra in the silent version of "Robin Hood" and his costume consisted of—a tiny cap with a long feather in it, a bushy wig of long hair (with bangs!) and a pair of bright green tights!

"As an actor, you must be a good comedian—for you certainly made me laugh!" the Judge told him. "Better go back, my boy, to cowboying!" But Gary stuck to Hollywood and fooled even himself, for he never dreamed he would get beyond "bits." And today Judge Cooper laughs, "I still

Now—Apply Vitamin A the "Skin-Vitamin" Right on Your Skin

FOR YEARS we have been learning about the importance of the various vitamins to our health. A-B-C-D-E-G—who hasn't heard of them?

Now comes the exciting news that one of these is related in particular to the skin! Lack of this "skin-vitamin" in the skin produces roughness, dryness, scaliness. Restore it to the diet, or now apply it right on the skin, and our experiments indicate that the skin becomes smooth and healthy again!

That's all any woman wants to know. Immediately you ask, "Where can I get some of that 'skin-vitamin' to put on *my* skin?"

Pond's Cold Cream now contains this Vitamin

Pond's Cold Cream now contains this "skin-vitamin." Its formula has not been changed in any way apart from the addition of this vitamin. It's the same grand cleanser. It softens and smooths for powder as divinely as ever.

But now, in addition, it brings to the skin a daily supply of the active "skin-vitamin."

Use Pond's Cold Cream in your usual way. If there is no lack of "skin-vitamin" in the skin, our experiments described in the next column show that the skin is capable of storing some of it against a possible future need. If there is a lack of this vitamin in the skin, these experiments indicate that the use of Pond's Cold Cream puts the needed "skin-vitamin" back into it.

Begin today. Get a jar of Pond's, and see what it will do for your skin.

Same Jars, same Labels, same Price

Pond's Cold Cream comes in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Now every jar of Pond's contains the active "skin-vitamin"—Vitamin A.

MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, young New York society woman, grandniece of **MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT:** "With Pond's Cold Cream, my skin looks soft—not rough or dry."

MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART, beautiful as when she came out: "The use of Pond's Cold Cream has helped me to keep my skin fresh and bright and smooth."

Most People don't know these Facts about Vitamin A and the Skin . . .

First Published Reports

In 1931 and 1933, deficiency of Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") was first recognized as the cause of specific skin disorders. In the cases reported, a liberal Vitamin A diet made the dry, roughened skin smooth and healthy again. Later reports confirmed and extended the evidence of this.

In hospitals, other scientists found that Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") applied to the skin healed wounds and burns *quicker.*

Tests with Pond's Creams

Experiments were made concerning possible causes of deficiency of "skin-vitamin" in the skin.

I. Dietary—The skin may lose "skin-vitamin" from deficiency of it in the diet. In our tests, skin faults were produced by a diet deficient in "skin-vitamin." Without any change in the diet, these faults were then treated by applying "skin-vitamin" to the skin. They were corrected promptly.

II. Local—Our experiments also indicated that even when the diet contains enough "skin-vitamin," the stores of this vitamin in the skin may be reduced by exposure to sun, and also by exposure to warm, dry air together with frequent washing. In further tests, marked irritation resulted from repeated use of harsh soap and water. This irritation was then treated by applying the "skin-vitamin." The skin became smooth and healthy again. It improved more rapidly than in cases treated with the plain cold cream or with no cream at all. The experiments furnished evidence that the local treatment with "skin-vitamin" actually put the "skin-vitamin" back into the skin!

All of these tests were carried out on the skin of animals, following the accepted laboratory method of reaching findings which can be properly applied to human skin.

Even today it is not commonly known that the skin does absorb and make use of certain substances applied to it. Our experiments indicated not only that the skin absorbs "skin-vitamin" when applied to it, but that when "skin-vitamin" is applied to skin which already has enough of it, the skin can store some of it against a possible future need.

The Role of the "Skin-Vitamin"

The "skin-vitamin" functions like an architect in regulating the structure of the skin. It is necessary for the maintenance of skin health. When the skin is seriously deficient in the supply of this vitamin, the skin suffers.

Signs which may indicate "Skin-Vitamin" deficiency

Dryness, Roughness, Scaliness resulting in a Dull Appearance.

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SHE KNEW THE SECRET of allure—a pulse-stirring fragrance to weave on those around her, a spell of thrilling delight . . .

NOW IT'S YOURS—the secret of how to be utterly adorable always, with the romantic, lingering scent of Djer-Kiss Talc.

START your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day . . . Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable . . . Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

The same delightful fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet, Eau de Toilette and Face Powder.

YOURS FREE—the exciting new book, "Women Men Love—Which Type Are You?"

—full of valuable hints on how to make yourself more alluring. Just send a post card with your name and address to Parfums Kerkoff, Inc., Dept. H, New York.

. . . genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff, Paris.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF · PARIS

don't think Gary is much of an actor, but I sure do like to see all of his pictures!"

Usually, Bette Davis's sister, Barbara Pelgram, sees her "kid sis" in a movie and comes home angry. Because knowing Bette as a sweet, feminine, home-loving type, she hates those hard-boiled gangster molls and other "tough" roles that she often has to play on the screen. And she just "boils" over when she overhears someone say—"gee, what a little rough-neck in real life that Bette Davis must be!" She liked "Jezebel," though, and thought Bette was "swell." She must have, for she saw that picture six times!

When John Beal tries to pump his ma and pa regarding their pet thoughts of his screen artistry, he usually gets an answer to the effect that they can't see much difference between his work now and the way he used to "cut up" at home! "You were always clowning and acting," they add. "In fact, when we saw you drape that tablecloth around yourself and make believe you were acting in the movies in 'Double Wedding,' it seemed just like you were home again!"

Sonja Henie, through the eyes of her brother, Lief, is "just perfect." Incidentally, Lief was a swell skater long before his little dimpled "sis" got her first skates. One Christmas Day, when Sonja was just 6, she awakened with childish joy which turned to disappointment when she opened her presents of dolls, dresses—everything BUT skates. Lief, learning of her disappointment, took his own Yuletide money, got a friend to open his sporting goods store in Oslo on that holiday morn, and bought the much-cherished pair of ice skates for his younger sister. Her tears changed to smiles when she got those skates. She put them on immediately and has lived on—and off—them ever since!

Then there's Henry Wadsworth's two aunts in Kentucky. When "The Voice of Bugle Ann" came to town, they told everyone that "Henry's picture" was showing at the local theatre, and when asked who else was in the film, they replied, "Oh, some actor named Lionel Barrymore has some sort of a part in it, but Henry's the whole show!"

Thus you can see, these interesting relatives of Hollywood's stellar lights can go to both ends of the line—they can offer praise galore and they can criticize, often unjustly. But just let some "out-sider" dare to say anything detrimental to their star-relative and, believe you me, they'd be the very first ones to jump right down "somebody's" throat!

Projection of Bob Burns

(*Continued from page* 19)

For eight years he did a blackface vaudeville act known as Burns and West. But it was while he was running a concession at Atlantic City that he fell in love with a pretty black-haired girl also in the concession business. Elizabeth Fisher and Bob were married in Atlantic City on September 22, 1921, and a few years later their son Bob was born there. When they had managed to lose eight thousand dollars in fairs and carnivals Bob picked up his bazooka and went into vaudeville.

In 1930 the bottom dropped out of vaudeville and Bob, accompanied by his wife and son and dog headed for Hollywood to see what he could do in the movies. He played bit parts in several pictures, but along about that time, it was 1931, he had set his heart on radio. He finally wangled an audition at KFI the latter part of that year. "They gave me thirty minutes," says Bob. "I did ten minutes of things I knew and then ad libbed the rest. They told me they didn't like the first part but the last part they liked very well. So they gave me a job on the Fun Factory and didn't charge me anything. I was on it for the better part of a year when they decided to pay me $7.50. But I got that only once. The following week the appropriation ran out.

"I started taking any date I could get after that just being my natural self. One day at breakfast I says to my wife, 'Honey, I believe I could get on the big time if I had a name.' And she says, 'What's the best way to get a name?' And I says, 'The quickest way to get a name is to get on Rudy Vallee's program.' She says, 'Go ahead and finish your breakfast. I'm going to pack your things. You're going to New York.' "

Bob was a big success on the Vallee program. All that summer and the following fall he switched back and forth from the Vallee program to the Whiteman program, and the next thing he knew important looking men were asking him to sign his name to contracts—not only for the Bing Crosby program in Hollywood, but for a Bing Crosby picture at Paramount.

"Then, just when everything seemed to be looking lovely, came the sort of sadness that everyone must endure at some time or other. My wife passed on, and it left me pretty broken up. She had been with me through all the hard times, and now she wouldn't be here to enjoy the better ones."

Bob claims that he likes Hollywood but that he gets awful homesick for those people back in the mountains of Arkansas. And that "when the excitement blows over" he's going back there. He wants to see Gus Rooks again and hear him tell once more the old one about the time he went fishing and forgot his bait.

"Gus said he was going along Warloop Crick and he saw a big snake with a frog in his mouth. And he thought, Well I'll just take the frog and cut him up for bait. But the snake held on and wouldn't let him go. So Gus said he took a pint of corn licker out of his pocket and poured a drink of it down the snake's throat and the snake turned loose the frog.

"So Gus went down and sat on a log and cut the frog up and started to fish. After awhile he felt a tap on his leg. And he looked down and there was that same snake with another frog in his mouth."

It Just Comes Natural

[*Continued from page* 61]

and when they go down so do I. I think phrasing and proper breathing are much more important for my type of voice than formal instruction."

Rudy Vallee himself, who has planted many a star in the entertainment sky, became a singer quite by accident but it was by choice that he refrained from taking lessons. Back in 1928 when he went to Don Dickerman's Heigh-Ho Club in New York to audition his band, he took along a young singer to tackle the choruses. He had no faith in his own voice for he recalled that at college when he attempted to sing during the orchestral breaks, the leader of the Yale band would squelch him by shouting: "You with that thin squeak, you'd better stick to your saxophone."

So, knowing that his own soft, nasal tones probably wouldn't do, he waited to see what impression his newly hired vocalist made. He hadn't long to wait. He was told he wouldn't do. In desperation, feeling that his big chance was slipping away, he tried a few songs himself. When he had finished, Dickerman advanced toward him with outstretched hand and said: "Why didn't you tell me you could sing like that? Your singing is just what we need. The girls

would love your voice." And they actually did, as he improved after that first nervous tryout. Since then he hasn't had the time to miss the training he never had.

How to account for that? Well, according to Dr. Frank Black, general music director of the National Broadcasting Company, who has heard every type of singer who has ever taken the air over the NBC networks, vocal training can't make a voice that isn't there originally. "Training can't make an instrumentalist either," he added. "Natural ability has to be there first. The greatest voices we've ever had belonged to people equipped by God, who is the best teacher. That doesn't mean that anybody can get into the charmed circle of serious music without study and application. Even people with natural voices have to learn what to do with them. Such singers of popular songs as Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee first served a hard apprenticeship in order to learn how to project a song. If the singer's personality counts more than technical perfection, the person who has natural ability to begin with can get along without strenuous training."

Martha Raye certainly agrees that it's her personality more than anything else that puts her songs across. "I'm sure if I went to a teacher for help, he'd laugh me right out of his studio. Me and Frank Morgan both. I've found that for the vo-de-o-do type of song, self-confidence is more important than vocal lessons. That's what I sing and though I've never had a lesson, I can't complain about what my voice has done for me. I regard my voice as just a tool of expression. It's the feeling and interpretation I put in a song that puts it across. I don't kid myself into believing that I've a fine singing voice like Grace Moore or Gladys Swarthout. But I agree with Crosby that they haven't got what I've got either. And for my purpose, what I've got is just right."

Since both Martha and Bing, as well as Dr. Black of NBC, had made reference to serious music, I determined to find out what an opera star had to say about the need for voice training. Lily Pons, world-famous coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who has herself had to learn to truck and swing a couple of songs in her recent pictures, surprised me by agreeing with the observations made by the singers without training. She, naturally, has had thorough training in music and voice culture, yet she makes regular visits to her voice coach.

Certainly no one can dispute the tremendous successes scored by Eddie Cantor, Sophie Tucker, Fanny Brice and Al Jolson. Yet the only musical training they ever had was in the School of Hard Knocks. Each admits that their individual success as comedians is due to a large extent to their ability to put a song across. However, from a musical standpoint, the quality of the output from their respective lungs is nothing to get excited about. Of course if you're talking about quantity. . . . sure, the noise is deafening. But their personalities do what their musical ability can't, in "selling" a song to the audience. And audiences beg for more.

Each learned to sing effectively by dint of hard experience. They started their careers in cafes or rough-and-tumble vaudeville houses where the patrons never hesitated to express their feelings over the vocalizing. If they approved, showers of coins met the efforts; if they disapproved, showers of venerable vegetables stopped the show. Perhaps this isn't the best way to lay the foundation for a musical-comedy career, but it was the best way they could do it. Today, each is a show-stopper, but with salvos of applause and numerous heart-warming curtain calls.

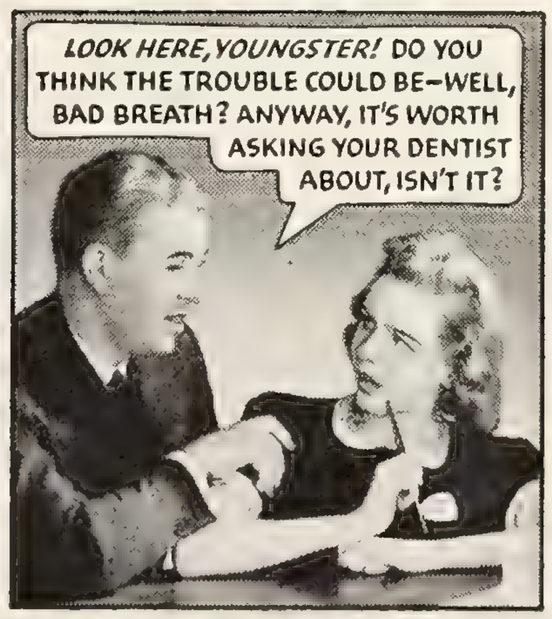
Why, even the man who for the past thirty years has supplied many of these singers with his tunes, has had no musical education. As a singing waiter down on New York's Bowery, Irving Berlin got the only musical knowledge he possesses from the "professor," the bleary bloke who played the piano in the tavern where Irving worked. The professor played everything in the key of F sharp, and that's the only key Irving knows.

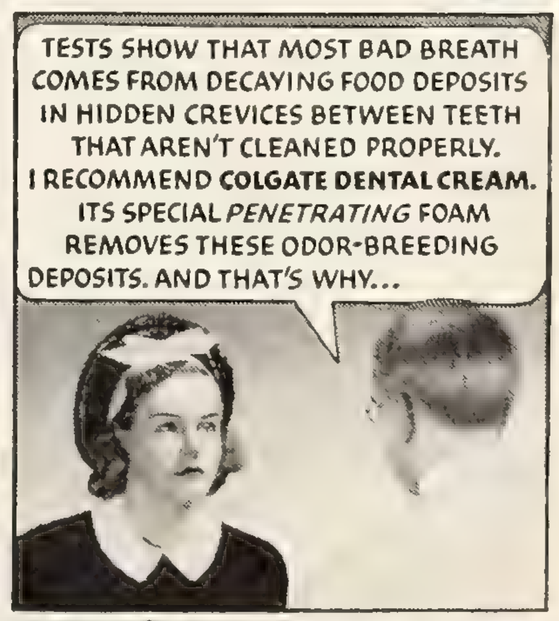
In the years that have passed since those days he's been too busy to learn any other key, but he has his own way of getting around that difficulty. For, when Berlin sits down to compose, he uses a special composing piano which is fitted up with a musical keyboard, an intricate set-up of gears and cams which permits him to play a number in the key of F sharp, yet by his mechanical transposing equipment it will come out in any other key he chooses.

There, then, is the whole story. You can see now that there is no need to be discouraged if you cannot afford the expense of a long period of lessons and training. If you have talent, you can start at once to make the utmost of it. These folks who have made good know little or nothing about music's technical side. As a matter of fact, the way things are today, you don't even have to have a big voice as long as it is a true voice. Both the movie and radio microphones are very sensitive to sound and can magnify it to great depths. That's why, even if your voice won't carry far without the aid of a mike, it will register perfectly with mike so long as it is sweet and clear.

If you, like these others, have in addition an innate flair for entertaining strongly imbedded in your personality, you'll more than make good as a songbird—without a single lesson, tra-la-la-la!

Dear Lonely Hearts,





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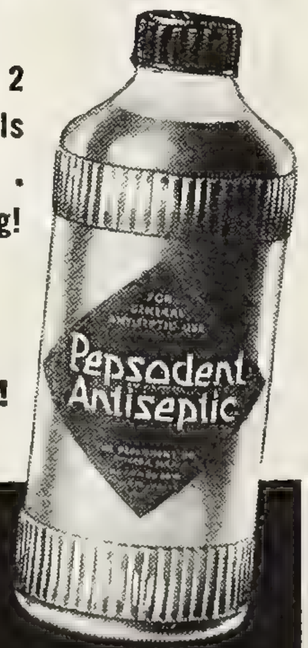

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for **LOOSE DANDRUFF**

P. S. *Don't forget Pepsodent Antiseptic for* **BAD BREATH,** *too!*

Mysteries of Movie Making

[*Continued from page* 29]

such "weirdies" as "Dracula," "The Mummy," and the "Frankenstein" films. More recently she screamed for Irene Dunne in "The Magnificent Obsession," when Irene stepped out of her coupe and was hit by a speeding sedan. Another time, when Doris Nolan leaped from the dizzy heights of her stage ladder into the fireman's net in "Top of the Town," Miss Schwartz gave a remarkable exhibition of screaming and drew a fat check from the studio for her work.

Then, of course, there are the regular studio sound effects men, and they can dish out, with the aid of various devices, every kind of a noise from a thunder storm to a croaking bullfrog!

Some might wonder why the studios don't go out and get the real thing. The answer is—it's too expensive to send forth bulky sound apparatus in search of a thunderstorm or a croaking bullfrog and, anyway, actual noises are for the most part exceedingly bad imitations of the real thing when recorded for the screen! Strange; yes, but true.

Thus 'tis up to the sound men and they respond nobly. Nothing, it seems, can stump them.

Manufacturing thunder is very simple. A long sheet of thin steel or tin, stretched tight and vibrated, creates a bit of thunder loud enough to scare even Boris Karloff! A croaking bullfrog is equally simple. A man merely lies on his back and gargles a mouthful of water at brief intervals through a small megaphone. The mike catches the noise and your "perfect voice of a bullfrog" is recorded!

Various gadgets come in handy for other noises. For instance, contact of an ordinary electric body vibrator with a bass drum produces a sound exactly like an airplane engine in a nose dive.

And screaming shells for war dramas are just the noise of an electric ocilliator on an old-type radio.

A perfect reproduction of the noise of a moving train's wheels is obtained by the wheels of one roller skate revolving inside a little wooden box!

This brief article will, I hope, give you some faint idea of the amazing things that are back of the making of every Hollywood film production.

On Location With The "Quints"

[*Continued from page* 16]

marched right down the steps and came over and lifted one of the six-weeks-old red cocker spaniels out of the basket. Clutching it to her she took it back up the steps to her sisters. They ran in four directions. But a moment later interest and curiosity overcame timidity and they all went to the basket to claim a puppy. From then on it was squeals of delight and machine gun chattering—and half a mile of good picture running through Dan Clark's camera.

During the company's month in Callander there were 15 working days at never more than an hour a day.

One morning the quints worked with such smoothness and speed that after 35 minutes Director Leeds had completed scenes expected to require two full hours and there was nothing more to do but pack up and depart till the next morning.

This included the hobby horse race which was so close that Dan Clark said it was a real photo finish and the children would have to wait until the picture was screened to determine who was the winner.

The quints amazed their director and Jean Hersholt on several other days, notably when they played on five little baby grand pianos, did several lines of dialogue and sang "Frere Jacques" eight times for long shots and closeups.

That afternoon Yvonne awoke from her nap and went to all the windows in turn, looking out anxiously. Then she ran to her nurse and cried because she could not see Doctor Luke.

But the quints aren't the only ones who are lonely. The picture people, now back in Hollywood, miss that nine-mile morning ride from the hotel in North Bay, whirling along the shore of Lake Nipissing to the brown bungalow in the clearing in the woods where they were greeted by a chorus of "Bon jours" from five rosy cheeked, sparkling eyed little girls who don't know this world contains anything but fun and friends.

Flashshots

[*Continued from page* 21]

When I saw her at El Morocco she moaned "I look dreadful tonight, please wait until I get up to Dennis." But I assured her she looked very well indeed and as Dennis and its theatre was many weeks away for both of us, I took the photo anyway. She was with Director William K. Howard, who has been spending a good deal of his time in New York lately. The next night he came in to Morocco with Dorothy Mackaill, also headed for summer stock, Johny Walker, who was a big star of the silent days, and a very lovely photographic model named Ann Crowell. Dorothy Mackaill is one of the most beloved figures in the movie colony, for her unfailing loyalty, her intense kindness and unfailing good humor are qualities all too rare in the temperament that is Hollywood. Dorothy loves tailored suits and owns over seventy, which is some record, but then she says they last forever and are still smart even when they are as old as ten years back.

Fights have always been a favorite diversion in Hollywood and so it was only natural that some of the players should have come East for the Louis Schmeling fight. I saw Robert Taylor at a ringside seat surrounded by newspapermen and photographers. Except when one of them would ask him a question, he seemed perfectly oblivious to them and their flash bulbs, and concentrated all his interest on the preliminaries. Between the bouts he looked quite thoroughly bored.

Not far away from Bob sat Arline Judge and her sportsman husband, Dan Topping. Dan didn't see me until after I took the photo; but Arline gave me one of her prettiest winks. The fight itself was over so quickly that although I had a fourth row seat behind the press section, it was finished in the brief time I blew my nose, and I had seen nothing but the presentations.

Jean Hersholt, that fine character actor, was at El Morocco one night just before it closed for the summer. He pulled away on his pipe, read the club's bi-monthly gossip sheet and then joined a group of friends. There is a delightful, warm, friendly quality about the man that wins him many friends.

A few hours after I write this I will be on the train for the theatre at Dennis, Mass., and hope for my next article to have amusing stories of Sylvia Sidney, Mary Brian, Phil Houston and many others doing summer stock.

True Story Of Cary Grant's Stand-In

[*Continued from page* 31]

the Tonganoxie High School, then to the University of Kansas until my father and mother separated and I had to go to work. I have three sisters and a brother, two sisters older than I am, and a brother older than I am.

I got interested in the theatre in what you'd call a very small way. I re-wound reels for the projectionist for $2 a week when I was still in grammar school. I gradually worked myself up until when I was in high school I was getting $6 a week. My favorite actor was Frank Mayo in the early days, and I figured that some day I'd duplicate his career.

I've always had movies on my mind—to the exclusion of just about anything else. That's why I went into professional baseball. I figured I'd get a name, like Johnny Weissmuller, and Buster Crabbe, and Johnny Mack Brown and Joe E. Brown—and attract Hollywood's attention.

My first semi-pro job was pitching and fielding for the Union Pacific team at Kansas City. We won the championship of all the railroads six years ago. I left the University of Kansas early in 1932 just when I was going to get into the dramatic club. I didn't neglect that part of my career. In fact, I'd played in "Clarence" and "The Student Prince" while in high school.

After knocking around on a lot of baseball jobs, I heard that Joe E. Brown had bought one-third interest in the Kansas City Blues. I got myself signed with them.

"Here's my chance to get into pictures," I told myself.

Brown came east and worked with the team for a couple of weeks in the spring and then a few days in the fall. When the season was over, I said to him:

"I'm thinking of coming out to Hollywood."

"If you do," he replied, and meant it, "look me up."

I hopped a freight. That's how anxious I was to reach Hollywood and get going. I found that he meant [illegible]

he [illegible]
jo
I
be
of

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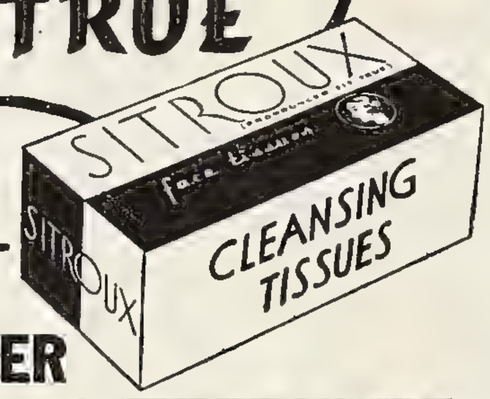

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had died suddenly from heart disease and I didn't have enough money to go back to her funeral, even.

Out of a job and unhappy, I complicated things by falling in love. The girl was Elsie Cumming, who was attending Los Angeles Junior College. I met her December 13, 1933, at a dance. I was living with my brother-in-law, Alex Miller, and my sister. He was with a hillbilly orchestra. I used to go to the dances.

Then came one of those highlights, those things you don't quite believe. I had found an agent, and he called me up.

"I've got a role for you in 'Go Get 'Em,' a Chesterfield production," the agent said. Just like that. I went to work. I thought getting ahead was easy, and there would be a lot more roles. I worked with Charles Starrett and he became interested in me. Virginia Cherrill, who was then Cary Grant's wife, was also in the production, and also took an interest in my work. I acted as a sort of companion to Starrett, playing tennis with him and doing some secretarial work. He went to bat for me and got me work in another of his productions, "Sons of Steel."

I didn't understand that I was just being lucky and people were being very, very helpful.

"This is a cinch," I told Elsie. "I'm going places."

And so we were married on June 5, 1934.

I was sure that I was on the high road and that nothing was going to stop me. I did three more pictures with Charlie, and that was all there was for a while. Merrihugh was fresh out of a career.

My in-laws saved my life by letting us move in with them. I got more and more broke, and finally, pretty discouraged. On top of that, Elsie told me that a visitor was expected. He turned out to be David Ross Merrihugh, now three years old. And I'm not kidding—he was a problem.

Weeks drifted into months. When I'd haunted agents, tried to get work as an extra and had found Central Casting wouldn't even bother to register me, and was willing to do anything just to get enough to buy food, I got a break. One of those things that happen in Hollywood happened to me. I met Virginia Cherrill one day.

"You ought to be standing in for Cary," she told me. "I'll give him a ring."

She did. I was lighter than Cary—weighed only 175 pounds. I was an even six feet, an inch and a half shorter than he was, but some of the height could be taken care of with Cuban heels. Yes, I'd do!

What a break for me! Twenty dollars a week, every week, when I was working! The first picture was "The Last Outpost." And it was during the period that I was first standing in for Cary, in 1936, that the executive's wife "discovered" me, and I was tested and waited in vain for my big break.

Luckily, Cary liked me.

Stand-ins make extra money if they keep their eyes open and if they are game. For instance, I got $35 per day for three days for standing in the snow making long shots with the stand-in for Doris Nolan for "Holiday" after the others returned to the studio, and these scenes never even turned up in the finished film. They were on the cutting-room floor. I drove the car, sent it crashing through the fence in "Topper" when Cary worked in that picture with Constance Bennett. I drove another car for Cary in "When You're In Love." When I do extra work, I combine my work for Cary with it and get $16.50 a day—with his help and permission.

Small parts? I've been lucky that way, too. I did the part of a barber with Joan Bennett as manicurist in "Big Brown Eyes." That scene stayed in the picture. And I was a soldier in "The Last Outpost." Practically all doubles and stand-ins get breaks like this if they're on their toes.

The star you draw, as a stand-in, means a lot to you. I couldn't have done better. Cary is the grandest guy I've ever worked with and for. I have had him get me roles in pictures, get my salary from the studio raised. He's added to his personal pay envelope for me. And he's gone farther than that.

He knows I want a career.

"Come on," he'll say, "I need to rehearse. We'll go over the lines. You play so-and-so."

I read my lines.

"Your timing is a little fast," he'll tell me, "and you've got a touch of ham. Try not to over-act."

He's taught me plenty.

I remember one time when I first started working with him. It was pretty hot, the stage was stuffy, and he was perspiring. Perspiration makes a mess of make-up. I got into the habit of getting a puff and helping him fix his face. I was standing in for him. I had to be there. An assistant director bawled me out for not running after Cary with a powder puff. Cary called him to one side.

"Listen," he said. "Mal was doing that for me just as a courtesy. He's busy now. As long as he's doing what he's supposed to do for you, just lay off him. I'll tell him what I want him to do for me. And if you've got to bawl him out, do it quietly. Not before a crowd."

You can't help but like a guy like that.

Yes, and we play pingpong together, and we go to fights together, and get around a lot. I hope that before long I can click so that I have a chance to pay Cary back for the things he's done for me.

Some fellows, like me, are lucky. Others aren't. I'm not slapping at the industry when I admit this, because there are heels on baseball teams, in business, professions and every place else. But there's one big star who I'll never work for or with, and he's on my list.

This actor—he's a big shot—found his twenty a week stand-in working pretty hard.

"Take care of my wardrobe," he said, "and I'll slip you something extra."

I never saw anybody work like that stand-in. The actor was always sending him on errands, getting water and pills and milk and the

assistant director was always yelling for him to stand-in. We doubled up for the kid, who was a regular studio employee, and stood for him while he went racing around the lot. One day the actor said:

"Get me my checkered coat!"

The stand-in raced off the stage. He came back with the coat and the director, when he returned, said:

"That's not what you wear, Mr. ———."

"I told the kid to bring me a vest," the actor lied. "He's no good. I want him fired."

The director had to fire the fellow. And then I saw the director prove himself as fine a fellow as the actor was not. He fired the stand-in. He did it very quietly. He called the lad to one side, walked with him to the door, explained that he was sorry he had to do it and that he'd see he was reinstated when the picture was finished. He then handed the young man twenty-five dollars!

Yes, we're up against things like that now and then. But all-in-all, the men we work for and with are a fine bunch.

There isn't a stand-in in Hollywood who doesn't envy Bill Hoover, stand-in for Edward Arnold. Arnold is one of the finest fellows I've ever met. He's always in pitching for Hoover. The only trouble is that Hoover looks so much like Arnold it isn't very funny for him. Time after time, Arnold will go to a director and say:

"Give Bill a chance, will you?"

Sometimes the director does—and then Bill hits the cutting room floor. Because he looks so much like Arnold he confuses the audience. Arnold and Hoover laugh over the fact that Hoover has been signing autograph books for his boss!

As far as I know, there are very few stand-ins who've gone places in pictures. But the profession, such as it is, is very young. In the early days, nobody had a man to stand in front of the cameras. There wasn't so much time between shots when there was just a camera to focus. Lighting plus sound have made a difference. Joel McCrea, you might say, was a sort of stand-in and double before he got started on his own career. Buck Jones was stand-in, double and general daredevil for William Farnum in the early days, and he's gone places. Don Alvarado used to do the hard things for Valentino. But it looks as if I'll be the first to make the grade in the present generation—if I make it!

The town is getting to be full of prominent stand-ins. The women have gone farther than the men, but we're doing all right. For instance, Slim Talbot's famous. He's a general man for Gary Cooper. He was born up in Helena, knew Gary there when they were cowboys. He learned to fly, got mixed up in a Mexican revolution, and has quite a record. He does standing-in for Gary, doubles for him, stunts for him.

Then there's Tommy Noonan, who stands in for Tyrone Power. Tommy is dead set on being an actor, and he probably will make the grade sooner or later. There's a story behind the fact that Tommy is standing in for Tyrone. They attended the same high school in Cincinnati, where Tyrone's mother had a dramatic school. Tommy attended the school. Two years ago, Tommy came to Hollywood, saw Tyrone and got the job. Tommy's still working to be an actor, appearing in plays at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. Even as I don't look like Cary he doesn't resemble Tyrone too much, so he has a chance.

Cesar Romero's stand-in is Guy Gabriel. When both were trying to get places on the New York stage they continually bumped into each other. This was seven or eight years ago. Cesar came to Hollywood first and made good. Guy followed some years later. They met on the lot at Twentieth Century-Fox, talked over old times.

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"I'd like to go to work," Guy said.

"You can be my stand-in," replied Cesar, and that was that.

Guy has a different slant than have Tommy Noonan and I. He wants to be a writer and spends most of his time studying scripts and story plots.

One day, while he was working with Cooper in "Souls At Sea," Slim did a scene filled with action for Henry Hathaway, the director. When it was all finished, Hathaway turned to Cooper.

"Do it that way," Hathaway said. "It was perfect! Do it just like Slim did."

The mob on the set howled—including Gary.

Or there's Cliff Lyons, who stands in, doubles and stunts for a number of stars. You never see him on the screen, yet he makes more than some actors. That is, you see him in the long shots and you think he's the star. Another comer is Don Turner, who does just about everything from standing in to doubling for various stars at Warner Brothers. I say he is a comer because he has a special stock company contract.

The in-between time is the hardest on the stand-in. Yet it is a good thing. Because, during these times, the stand-in, helped by the star, gets extra parts, works around the studio. I know one fellow, Henry Wise, who worked with Fred MacMurray, who has had a chance to go to work in the cutting rooms. Some fellows don't care to go ahead in pictures. Art Berry, Jr., who works with Herbert Marshall, is trying to get with the Harbor Commission, for instance.

Most of the fellows do extra work when not standing in—or even when they are. That goes for Ted Hall, who is with George Raft, Henry Kraft, who works with Ray Milland, and Henry Wise. The oddest past is that of Carl Andre, who used to be a dentist in Maryland until he decided that the depression was too hard on his profession and migrated to California to go to work for McCrea.

I worked for a year before I could afford a second-hand car to get from studio to studio. Cary used to take me to work now and then—and take me home. We finally moved into a little bungalow court, Elsie, the baby and I. I'm making about $75 a week, most weeks, these days. I'm pretty happy about it. I look back to the days, just before the baby was born, when I was finding out that I couldn't even register at Central Casting, and they seem just like something that happened to somebody else.

Naturally, I know that in order to get ahead—to really get in front of the cameras—I have to do a lot of things to improve myself. As I have said, I've a good sports background. When I was working on "The Toast of New York" with Cary, I was singing absently at my work. Rowland V. Lee, the director, heard me, and very frankly and helpfully encouraged me to improve my voice. So I'm taking singing lessons, just in case I should get a break in a musical. Not only that, but I've been studying diction with Josephine Dillon Gable. I learned to ride, so I could fit into western roles. In Hollywood you have to be ready to do anything at any time—because you don't know when the break will come.

I think standing-in is a lot better than extra work to get ahead. I get a chance to meet directors, and they remember me and my face. So, when, if ever, my name comes up for a part, they'll have a pretty good idea of who I am and what I can do. Extra work isn't steady, either. And the contacts I'm making will stand me in good stead.

Right now, I'm sold on making the "Golden Boy" role. To get this I'll have to know a little bit about fighting, so I'm working out with Frank Rowsey, who used to be light heavyweight champion of California. I can't afford to overlook a bet.

The main thing in life is to have something to look forward to. To feel you're progressing. And I think I am.

I'm sure that standing-in isn't a bad job—if you don't look too much like your principal. I think with the friends you make and the work you do, you've got a big chance to go places.

All I have to do is to prove that statement.

Three Chances for Happiness

[*Continued from page* 25]

lovely and it brought her, most surely, face to face with herself as she really was

I remember seeing her in the old studio restaurant out at Universal sitting at the counter with the boys in her crew. Perched there in a relaxed, comfortable slouch with her toes hooked around the back of her chair. She laughed very loud at things that weren't very funny. She voiced very caustic opinions about Hollywood and the press. And she did some of the best acting of her career.

Those were the days she rode astride William Wyler's motorcycle. Her arms clutching him tightly around the waist they whizzed through the Hollywood hills like two hilarious college kids. Yes, that was Margaret Sullavan then. She was rushing herself along, grasping all that came to her, eagerly. She thought it was all a gay camaraderie. But her heart was inevitably drawing her into another unhappiness.

Her companionship with William Wyler soon grew into another kind of love for her and their marriage was a striking rebound from her first-love idyll. It was a constant matching of wits accompanied by a certain bravado of temper. There was always a spark in the air that threatened to light on tinder that would explode. But with all the clashing temperamental differences there were, too, many hilarious laughs. And for all the tears and misunderstanding there was never a moment of dullness. There was always excitement and there was always newness. It was living to the quick for Margaret and she was sure she knew where it was leading her. She thought she knew herself completely. But she didn't—yet.

That belligerant twinkle flicks into her eyes in an instant even now. And there still lingers about her today some of the burst of tempers that was her marriage to William Wyler. That's why there is that certain strength to her. Sometimes when I see her eyes fill with cloudy rebellion and words come fast and biting I am taken back to the time I saw one of her clashes with him. It was on the set of the picture he directed her in . . . the picture they were working on when they eloped in the middle of the night. That day they both flashed to a climax of hurled words that was breathtaking. You could feel the fury in the air. You could see the antagonism in their steel-sharp looks. Margaret threatened to call her agent and quit the picture cold on his advice.

When I look back at it now it's like something incredibly fantastic and unreal because that agent was Leland Hayward, who now is Margaret's husband, and who at last has solved her ridlle for her.

That day no one could have guessed that these two men whom she was pitting against each other were both to come so closely and intimately into her life. I have never seen Margaret's temper more violent

than at that moment. And yet, ten minutes later she was impishly blowing William Wyler a kiss.

When that marriage was over Margaret Sullavan was completely bewildered. I think, then, she began to wonder about herself. Something within her sank to an unplumbed depth. She was a woman now, an actress, a good one, but there was something missing. There wasn't much meaning in her success. I think she was frightened with herself but she was too much of an actress to ever show it.

When she quit Hollywood cold for the stage once more she was a woman at odds completely. To see her then was like seeing someone in a dream. You couldn't reach the substance of her. I remember her particularly on the night she boarded the train for New York. She was exceedingly smart and trim in her traveling clothes. She stood in the middle of a pool of tawny luggage. There was the softest of wool swagger coats over her arm. There was a bravado and an assurance about her. She was smart, cool and aloof but there was something, too, in her smile that twisted your heart.

I felt more concern at that moment over the final outcome for her than I ever have before or since. I think that she had always promised herself something so different from what she had found in marriage and the absolute contradiction of it hurt. Hurt deeply.

It was a long time before I saw her again but when I did a great change had enveloped her and she had completely found herself. And now, today, she knows that her marriage to Leland Hayward was the only answer for her. She knows that with the coming of her tiny daughter she has found herself in the whole, wide, universal scheme of everything. There is nothing now that remains obscure or deeply hidden for her. But she knows, too, that although her present happiness rests on her as a beautiful dream everything that went before is still a part of her and it made all her present possible.

Johnnie Davis is either removing a foreign substance from Helen Blizard's eye or putting a handkerchief in. They're in "Garden of the Moon."

And now that she is here again with her men all closely about her—each one is in Hollywood, in the industry—surely the ghosts of the past must confront her repeatedly.

I saw Margaret Sullavan one afternoon on her set at M. G. M. She was the same as ever and yet, she was so different. Her voice was the same, her handshake had the same firm, friendly assurance. There was the same soft, exciting glow of energy about her. But it was her eyes that showed everything as it really was. They were the same intelligent, serenely cool eyes, yet back of them lay things that never showed before. You could read it all if you looked intently.

Back of them lay all the meaning put there by three men. There lay moments of heady, sparkling happiness and moments of dark and brooding misunderstanding. There were giddy triumphs and utter failures there. And softest and most beautiful and over-shadowing all there was a little of the look that is in every mother's eyes throughout the world. She was beautiful standing there. With all this a part of her, coming from deep inside. You could see that she knew the why of some of her mistakes and that she would now admit some of her faults. You could see that she knew what the men who had come into her life had done for her. You could see the understanding love for Leland Hayward, who at last set everything so sublimely right for her.

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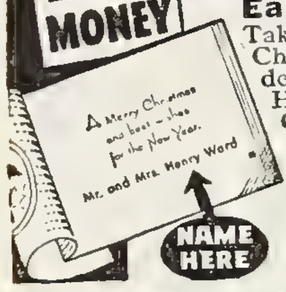

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The latest trend in coiffures has the hair piled high on the top of the head. Joan Bennett is one of the first of the Hollywood girls to adopt the new style. Don't you think it becoming?

Life is a Masquerade

[*Continued from page* 53]

to know whether it is a formal or not. The kind of dress that might have been stocked, some years ago, by a store in a small hill town. The kind of dress a young girl in a backward community might consider sophisticated. The kind of dress such a girl might buy with palpitating heart, and then be afraid to wear without adding half sleeves and a dickey. Diane knew better than to go in gingham and hair-ribbons. That would be a city girl's idea of a hill-billyette. That would be about what Rhoda Creel would expect to wear if given a part in *Saga of the Hills.*

She refused to think what this might do to Hermann Fink. He could not help but realize that she considered his "best suit" quite suitable for a costume party. And the crowd was sure to catch on and guy him unmercifully. She straightened her mouth to a thin line; people who were vulnerable had to expect to be hurt. He could go back to Sediment Springs and hide his blushes—this was her last chance.

"Let the hem down a couple of inches," she told Lissa, "and when you press it be sure to leave the let-down mark showing a little."

It took only a glance at her dress for Hermann Fink to realize that something was amiss. "Is it a costume party?" he gulped.

"Well, yes, in a way. But I don't think many will dress up," she lied.

"Perhaps I'd—"

"No, you're just fine."

"You mean you think this—"

"I don't mean anything, except—" She took his arm and smiled up at him. "—that I'm excited about going, and I'm glad you're taking me." She kept up a rapid chatter as they went out to his car to prevent him from thinking. So much depended on it. If he backed out on her— Her nervous heart kept her tongue racing. At first Hermann seemed startled by her change of character from the night before; then under her friendliness he began to relax.

"What have you been doing today?" she shouted, her voice almost drowned by the protests of the elderly flivver's alkali-filled joints.

"Oh . . . I went down to the beach awhile. And say, I'm sure meeting a lot of famous people! I was talking to a fellow in the hotel lobby, this afternoon, and he finally told me he was Gregory Hunt. You know, the New York actor."

"Yes, I've heard of him."

"He's out here to get in the movies."

"Oh."

"He was speaking about this party tonight—said he sure wished he was going. Said it would have been a great chance for him to make some contacts. You shouldaseen how surprised he was when I told him I was going with you. He offered me fifty dollars to bring him out to your house and introduce him and then pretend I couldn't go. But I wouldn'ta done that for a hundred!"

"That's sweet of you."

At the entrance to Mr. Markenshon's brightly lighted mansion she paused, touching Hermann's arm. At once he turned his face down to her, smiling, eager. She knew she couldn't go through with it, couldn't expose him to gibes and laughter. For even if everything worked perfectly: if all Hollywood believed him in costume, if Mr. Markenshon fell for her *Saga of the Hills* get-up, if she got the part; still she could never face Hermann again—or herself. He was so innocently pleased that she had asked him to take her, so happy to think she liked him. What a shock he'd get when he saw everyone in costume, when he realized she thought his clothes perfect for a costume ball! Let's not go in," she said. It wasn't worth it if she had to feed him to the lions.

"Not go in!"

"Let's just be together."

"Oh . . . but I was counting on seeing—"

"The girls?" she asked, her tongue suddenly acid.

"Well . . . yes."

"All right! You'll see them!" She had been ready to give up everything for him, and he wanted to see the girls! Diane marched up the steps.

The entrance hall was a swirl of color. Cleopatra talked to Henry the Eighth; a Swiss mountaineer walked arm in arm with a Congo chieftain; Napoleon was there, with a double; and from the vast ballroom came music. Mrs. Markenshon, a battleship with a kindly eye, was receiving; the smile she gave Diane was as friendly as those before Diane's drop from the pinnacle. She was dressed as a Dresden shepherdess; and, returning her smile, Diane wished she could tell her troubles to the motherly woman. But Mr. Markenshon never discussed business with his wife—that was well-known, as was the fact that Mrs. Markenshon was almost as much in awe of him as the greenest extra.

Mentally Diane rolled up her sleeves; it was success, now, or oblivion. With her rehearsed voice she said: "I'd like to make you acquainted with Mr. Hermann Fink, of Sediment Springs, Nevada."

Their hostess smiled, her gaze travelling down his checked suit, and—smile broadening—back to Diane's dress.

"I'm real pleased to meet you, Ma'am," said Hermann fervently. "I'm real sorry I didn't know it was a costume—"

"And this is Mr. Markenshon," said Diane. The producer—tonight a Roman senator—had loomed up beside his wife.

"How do you do, Mr. Markenshon. I . . . er . . . it seems to be a nice party you're having." Hermann backed up a step, grinning embarrassedly.

"Evening," grunted Mr. Markenshon through his gum. As his eye took in the details of Hermann Fink his jaws began moving slower and slower.

"I . . . I hope it's O. K. me not wearing a costume." Hermann smiled nervously and rubbed his hand up and down his long thigh. "Miss Lor—Loring forgot to tell—"

Mr. Markenshon's cold eye shifted from Hermann to Diane. His jaws ground slower and slower.

"If you'll excuse us," blurted Diane. Grabbing Hermann's arm she propelled him into the ballroom. They brushed past French court ladies and South Sea Island belles. Some spoke to Diane, and she smiled stiffly.

"Is this a waltz?" asked Hermann.

"A fox trot."

"Oh . . . Well, I guess it's all the same."

They started off with a little skip, and Diane almost fell.

"I'm real sorry," he said. "My fault."

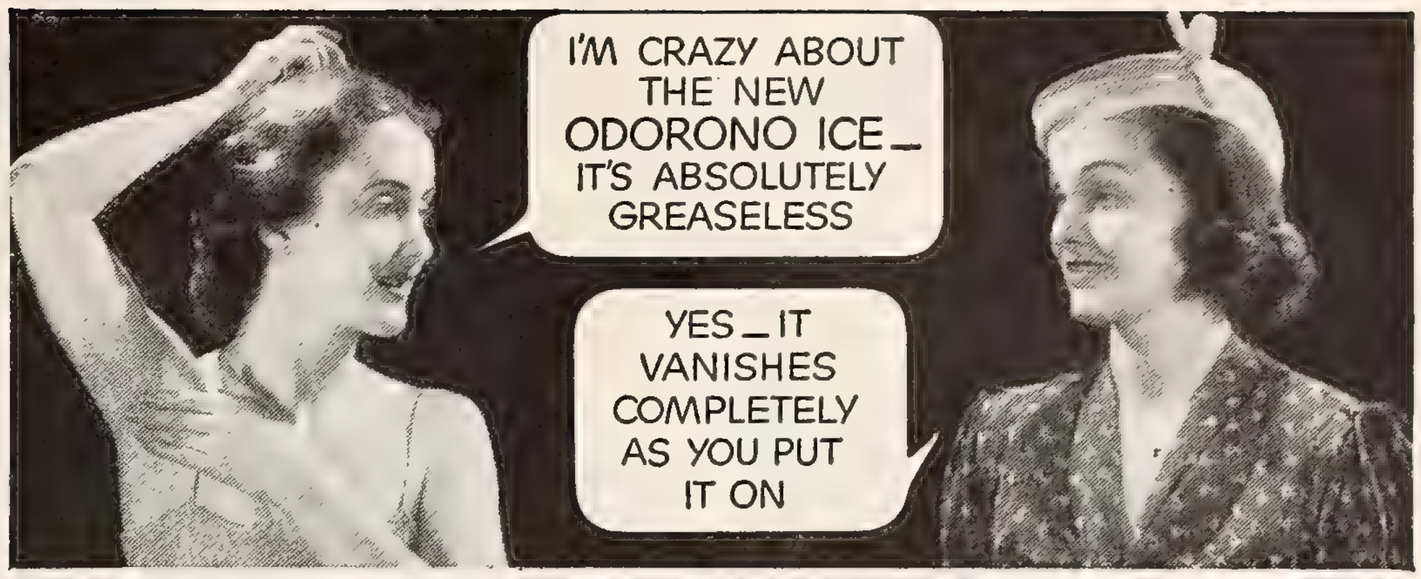
"Oh, no . . ."

She was better prepared for his initial skip, and the next try launched them on the floor successfully. The orchestra was playing a piece with rapid tempo. Hermann whirled. They collided with another couple. Someone giggled.

Again they started. Hermann Fink held her far away from him, as if the hand on her waist were as near as he dared come. For a moment they were all feet; then she caught his particular rhythm. Why, it was the same lusty swing she had danced a few times, when, at thirteen, her mother had let her go to the Saturday night dances over the store at Quartz Flat!

She looked up at him. His face was as serious as ever; he even frowned a little, concentrating on the music. She tried to speak, but Hermann's spins and hops kept her breathless. She saw people were watching—and smiling.

The band paused. Red-faced, she gasped for breath as Hermann dropped his hands. An elaborate Du Barry who had been turning sedately in the arms of Abraham Lincoln, curled her lips patronizingly. Others were smiling: people who hadn't dared



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laugh at Diane Loring two years ago.

"Gosh," said Hermann, "I never expected to go to a party like this. Nobody up home'll believe me."

There was a crash of music; a rapid, swirling tune began. Hermann was off, spinning her round and around. Between whirls, he skipped. His face grew crimson; drops of perspiration showed. Seeing Diane and Hermann, the band leader increased the tempo, grinning. Other couples dropped out. Diane grew dizzy. The walls raced round, and smiling faces slipped past her eyes. Hermann's face was as serious as ever, only redder. Diane tried to gasp "Stop!" but hadn't the breath. Boom! The music ended on a thunderous note. Diane cling to Hermann to keep from falling. There was laughter around them, and a spatter of applause. Taking out a tremendous silk handkerchief, Hermann mopped his forehead.

"Pretty good dance," he said. "You sure are a good follower."

"Not so loud; everybody's laughing at us," she tried to whisper, but her mouth was too dry.

Then a Spanish dancer came over, and with her a somewhat free translation of a Persian harem beauty. "Hello, Diane," they said. They were baby stars, barely out of high school. A week earlier they had looked right through Diane on Hollywood Boulevard.

"Aren't you going to introduce us?" asked the dancer of Diane, but she was smiling up at Hermann from the corner of her eye.

Diane looked at them hostilely. "Miss Shane and Miss Bright, may I introduce Mr. Fink?" she said stiffly.

"Not *the* Mr. Fink!" gasped Daisy Shane in mock astonishment.

Hermann looked puzzled. "Why, yes, I guess so."

"Diane has told us so much about you: we've all been just dying to meet you."

"Oh . . . thanks." Hermann rubbed his hand along the back of his neck where his new haircut had allowed the sun to redden his usually-protected skin. The music started again.

"Would you dance with me, Mr. Fink?" said Mitzi Bright coyly. "I'm not so very good, but I'll do my best."

"I'll bet you ain't half bad," declared Hermann encouragingly.

Diane fumed. Mitzi had been in ballet before coming west, and they prophesied she would be the next big dancing star. But Hermann didn't know that. Grinning embarrassedly, he placed his hand cautiously on her waist.

"Who is he?" asked Daisy Shane as the other two swung away.

"I told you," snapped Diane. "Hermann Fink, of Sediment Springs, Nevada."

"But I mean: What's his real name?"

"Oh, hello, Diane," said a cool voice before she could answer. Diane swung around. Rhoda Creel had come up behind them. "Who's your boy-friend?" she asked. "I'm not only surprised, but curious."

"I was just trying to get her to tell me," said Daisy. "But she keeps insisting he's Hermann Something-or-other, from Nevada."

"Perhaps she's telling the truth," observed Rhoda. "He looks as if he had at least come from Nevada. Where did you find him, dear?" she asked Diane.

Paying no attention, Diane followed Hermann with her eyes as he twirled hectically. Mitzi was grinning up at him.

"I wonder. . . ." Rhoda's head was on one side, her speculative eye taking in the details of Diane's costume. "I get it: Nancy of *The Saga.*" Diane noticed then that Rhoda was wearing a gingham dress and flat heeled slippers. "A *brilliant* idea, my dear," added Rhoda sarcastically, "but I'm afraid you're a bit late. I'm singing up for the part in the morning." With a superior smile, she turned away.

"Oh, have you been trying to get that part?" asked Daisy Shane. "I didn't know you—" She broke off as two men came up. One was a tall young assistant director, tonight an undermuscled Tarzan in leopard skin and glasses. The other was Mr. Markenshon.

"Ask her who he is," rumbled Mr. Markenshon to Tarzan.

"Who is he?" inquired the thin assistant.

"Hermann Fink, of Sediment Springs, Nevada," said Diane determinedly.

"I mean: who is he really?" said Mr. Markenshon.

"He means: who is he really?" explained Tarzan.

Diane's heart pounded. Who could she say he was?—someone she had a right to bring to such a party, someone they wouldn't know. "Gregory Hunt," she said, grasping at a name. "The stage star, you know."

Mr. Markenshon's gum slowed, then went slower, slower, like wheels of a train moving to a stop. Diane stared, fascinated. "Hunt's been into the office, two, three times this week," he said flatly, and turned on his heel.

Tarzan's mouth opened, and he started in pursuit. "Mr. Markenshon," he said desperately. But the solid block of Roman senator moved on, not to be recalled. Tarzan was beside him now—explaining—running a little ahead—explaining—losing ground. Together they passed through the wide door of Mr. Markenshon's study.

The music ended and Hermann and Mitzi paused beside Diane. "I'm real glad you like my dancing," he said, looking down at Mitzi seriously.

"Oh, I think it's grand!" Mitzi winked at Diane from the corner of her eye.

Hermann had lost enough of his earlier embarrassment to look around. "It's too bad I didn't wear some kind of a costume."

Mitzi giggled. "Say, you'll get the prize for the best costume here. Nobody else is acting in character with the way they're dressed.

Puzzled, Hermann looked at her. "But this isn't a costume." Wide and tragic, his eyes studied her. "You mean, you think I wore these clothes to be funny?" Mitzi giggled again, and abruptly Hermann turned and pushed his way through the crowd.

Mitzi chortled. "Isn't he good!"

But Diane was following Hermann. They were out on a broad balcony before she caught him. She grabbed his arm.

"I'm sorry— Please don't—" But what could she say? "Let's get away and I'll tell you—"

He wasn't listening.

"Oh, Miss Loring!" The Tarzan-minded assistant was behind them. "Mr. Markenshon wants to see you both."

Diane spun to Hermann. "Let's get out of here!"

But Hermann was already following Tarzan, trustingly, into the ballroom. The crash of music drowned her words. She tried to attract his attention to warn him—to tell him what she had said to Mr. Markenshon. But the assistant director was between them; and then Hermann was forced into a corner by a swirl of dancers.

"I can't do it!" she gasped, stopping by the study door. "I won't go in!"

Tarzan stared at her, his mouth open a little. "But why not? He wants to give you a part."

"A part?"

"Yes, in the *Saga of the Hills.* He says he never saw a better shy, worried, small town girl than you were tonight. He's going to include a country dance in the script so you can wear the dress you have on tonight. And Hunt's marvelous—perfect."

"You mean he wants both of us?"

"Of course. Please don't keep him waiting. He nearly fired me just now because I was the one who told the office boy to say he was out each time Mr. Hunt sent in his card."

So neither of them had seen the real Gregory Hunt! Her lie was still believed. Hermann broke through the crowd of dancers then, and came toward them. They thought he was good! If she could only teach him to act in the few remaining days! Impossible; his unselfconsciousness would

disappear before a camera. "Hermann," she whispered, "don't—"

But the door to the study was open, and Tarzan was urging her to enter.

Diane's knees shook as she walked across the thick rug of the spacious study. Tiers of books crept up the wall toward the dim rafters overhead. Embers burned in a fireplace that was not much smaller than an ordinary man's study. Having gotten his start producing Westerns, Mr. Markenshon was fond of magnificent distances, and his study was on almost as grand a scale as his office at the lot. It was said that the only reason he was not building a still larger home was that no one but a circus owner could have found use for the present mansion.

He was seated now in a massive chair behind a desk that would have done for a roller skating rink, looking much more like Vesuvius in a white nightgown than a Roman senator. "Sit down, Miss Loring," he garrumphed. "Sit down, Mr. Hunt. Walter tell you what I want?"

"I gathered," said the man in Hermann Fink's clothes, "you have parts for us in the *Saga of the Hills*."

Diane stared. Hermann Fink was gone. This man was quiet, self-assured, unawed by Mr. Markenshon. He relaxed comfortably, instead of riding a chair as though it were a horse. Her ego shriveled and vanished. He *was* Gregory Hunt. And she had been treating him like a movie-struck cow hand when everyone else had recognized him as a skilled actor playing the part. Springing up, she raced from the room. Blindly she worked her way through the dancers, to a door; but instead of leading her out of the house it opened onto another balcony.

How they must be laughing at her! Shrinking into the shadow of a pillar, she dropped her head against the railing.

"Look out below!" Martha Raye calls out a warning to any flounders or halibut who are taking a dip. Bob Hope and Jack Whiting are launching Martha; she's a solemnity destroyer.

Someone touched her arm. It was Gregory Hunt. She turned away quickly.

"I'm sorry," he said softly. "I know exactly how you feel. But I haven't been making fun of you, really."

"No?" She laughed mirthlessly.

"I was going to explain last night who I was, but you were so taken in that I put it off until tonight. And tonight you were so nice, and so anxious to keep me from getting my feelings hurt— Well, perhaps I liked seeing what a really nice person you are—even to a cattleman from Sediment Springs."

"But last night," she said slowly, "the things you said about my pictures . . . they were the first sincere compliments I've had in ages. They gave me enough new confidence in myself to dare doing this. Oh, why did you—"

"I was talking for Gregory Hunt, then, though I spoke like Hermann Fink. One reason I came west was to meet you."

For the first time she faced him. "But why all the—"

"Why Hermann? Well you see I'd been 'typed' in New York, the same as you had here, and I could only get parts that were just like the others I'd had. So I decided to give pictures a fling. But I found I didn't amount to much out here; I've been trying to see Markenshon for a week and haven't gotten past the third assistant office boy. Then I heard you were in the same boat, and that you were angling for the companion part to the one I wanted. So, since I knew you were small-town raised as I was, and that you could really act, it occurred to me that we should both come here tonight in character."

"Why didn't you just call me up and suggest it?"

"Because I wanted to try Hermann out on someone. Then, when I saw I'd given you the idea of coming tonight as a team—I knew your invitation could mean nothing else—I thought I'd see how it worked out."

"Oh," she said feebly.

He was suddenly very close. "Will you forgive me?"

A great bulk blocked the door beside them. It was Mr. Markenshon. Vesuvius was passing through a mild earthquake phase, which might have been laughter. "Well, Miss Loring," he rumbled, "will you take the part?"

Diane looked from one man to the other; then smiled. "It's 'Yes' to both questions."

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The Final Fling

WHILE it is generally accepted that almost anything can happen in the movies, something happened at Paramount studio which came as a slight surprise, to say the least. A calf was born on stage 8! The mother of the calf was one of the herd of cattle purchased by the studio for use in "The Texans." The "baby" was christened May in honor of May Robson who was celebrating her birthday on the set a few hours before the "blessed event."

VIRGINIA BRUCE has a dentist story to relate about her small daughter, Susan Gilbert. Virginia talks to her little girl a great deal about her father, John Gilbert, and impresses on her what a daring, electric personality he was. Recently she had to take Susan to the dentist for the first time, and Susan, to her great surprise, refused to open her mouth. The dentist tried to bribe her with candy and a chocolate ice cream soda, but little Susan just wouldn't be bribed. "How could you be so stubborn," asked Virginia when they were in the car on the way home. "I don't know," sighed Susan sadly, "I seem to be getting more like my father every day."

BLONDES are coming back stronger than ever, according to Russell Patterson, Paramount film executive and former illustrator of international note, whose role it has been to forecast trends in fashion and beauty.

"Following the usual cycle of reaction against brunettes, blondes will be prime favorites again by next fall. Madeleine Carroll, Joan Bennett, and the newcomers, Florence George and Marie Wilson, will reach new heights," says Mr. Patterson. "Short skirts won't be back until 1940 and next year—1939—will be another collegiate year similar to the wild-eyed days of 1928."

ANNOUNCEMENT

NEXT MONTH'S SILVER SCREEN, *the October issue, will have a number of new and unusual features.*

* * * *

DO NOT *miss the new "Questionnaire." It will disclose what you think and also what the stars think on a number of controversial questions. For example: Clark Gable believes* "Self Reliance *is a man's most important quality!" It will reveal any similarity between you and the stars. Be sure to fill it out for comparison.*

* * * *

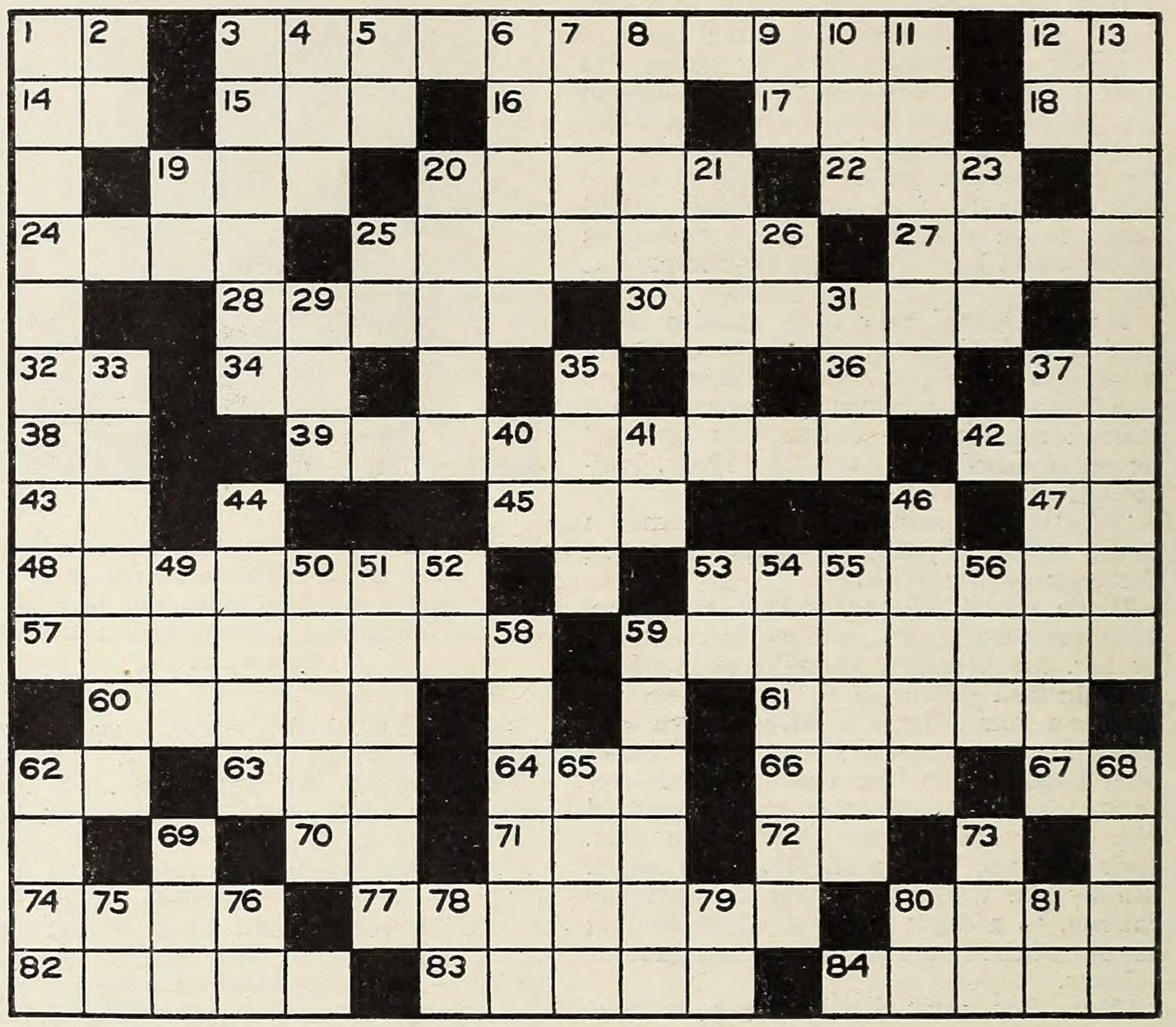
EACH YEAR *the readers of Silver Screen are invited to cast their votes for their Favorite Movie Player. The actor or actress receiving the greatest number of votes will receive the Silver Screen Gold Medal for 1938. The blank ballot will be printed in our October issue.*

* * * *

OUR CORRESPONDENT went on location *with the company from Warner Brothers Studio which is making "Valley of the Giants" and he gives us an intimate story of the stars when they are "roughing it." A fascinating* fact *story, with most of the glamour left in Hollywood.*

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



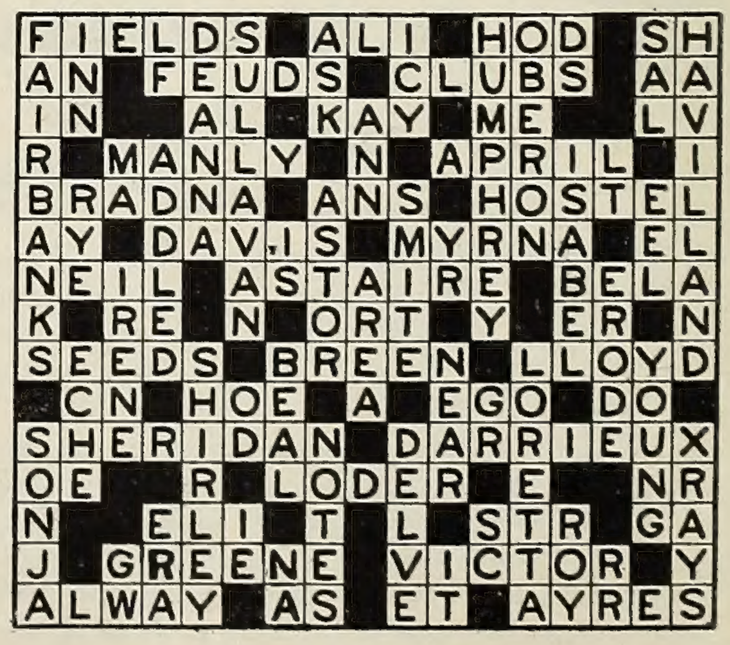
ACROSS

1 Italian river
3 David Balfour in "Kidnapped"
12 Type measure
14 Indefinite article
15 Dexterity
16 Reverential fear
17 Tree
18 Proceed
19 Implement for felling trees
20 Things that lead to the solution of a mystery
22 Spread for drying
24 Prepare for publication
25 Old pals (coll.)
27 Final
28 To bar
30 Expand
32 Plural ending
34 Regarding (abbr.)
36 Royal Navy (abbr.)
37 Behold!
38 Weight (abbr.)
39 She's known only by this one name
42 Third-rate actor (slang)
43 Continent (abbr.)
45 Lair
47 Symbol for tellurium
48 Will Scarlett in "Adventures of Robin Hood"
53 The devoted friend in "Test Pilot"
57 Poetic or romantic person
59 In "Gold Diggers in Paris"
60 "Robin Hood"
61 Heavy wagon (Oriental)
62 Mode of transportation (abbr.)
63 Tint
64 Tattered piece of cloth
66 Waterfall (Scot.)
67 Southern state (abbr.)
70 Physician (abbr.)
71 Single
72 Myself
74 Mrs. Tony Martin
77 Ladies (Sp.)
80 Raised
82 Woody plants
83 Thick
84 In "Blockade"

DOWN

1 Foremost pianist of our time
2 Upon
3 Daring Scottish patriot in "Kidnapped"
4 Part of "to be"
5 Right (abbr.)
6 Leader of the boys in "Crime School"
7 Villainous ship captain in "Kidnapped"
8 "Judge Hardy"
9 Parent
10 Founded (abbr.)
11 Lovely newcomer in pictures
12 For example (abbr.)
13 Brave volunteer in "Yellow Jack"
19 American Institute (abbr.)
20 Royal headdress
21 Leaf of a flower
23 Father
25 New England state (abbr.)
26 Elder (abbr.)
29 Ocean
31 Period of time
33 In "The Crowd Roars"
35 Encourage
37 Pertaining to or directed toward the side
40 Paid publicity
41 Type measure
44 Decision, as by a judge
46 Make destitute of men, as a fortress
49 Over (poet.)
50 Star of "Professor, Beware"
51 Errant young woman in "Condemned Women"
52 "Josette" (initials)
53 In that manner
54 Sacred hymns
55 Weird
56 Conveyance
58 Swedish nobleman in "Marie Antoinette"
59 Reunited with Fred Astaire in "Carefree"
62 In "You and Me"
65 Presently
68 The policeman in "Dr. Rhythm"
69 Organ of vision
73 Sea Eagle
75 Suffix
76 Electrical Engineer (abbr.)
78 Masculine name (abbr.)
79 Diphthong
80 Exist
81 Speech of hesitancy

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



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